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Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, WILLIAM JOHNSON, Secretary.

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August, 1849. J. S. RUSSELL, Secretary.

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Sept. 1, 1849.

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Town Hall, Salford, August 23, 1849.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

REVIEWS

Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. Printed for the House of Commons.

This is one of the best blue-books connected with literature that Parliament has given to the public for a very long time. The Report abounds in sensible recommendations; and the Minutes of Evidence are full of curious matter on the condition of public libraries not only in this country, but throughout France, Germany, Italy, and even America. There are few traces of hurry to be observed in any part of this document; and the witnesses are generally "up" to the mark on the several points on which it was thought that their evidence would be found of public service.

The Committee to whom we owe this Report and Evidence was appointed by the House of Commons on the 23rd of March last; and consisted of the following members of the House—Mr. Ewart, Viscount Ebrington, Mr. Disraeli, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Bunbury, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Milnes, the Lord Advocate, Sir John Walsh, Mr. Thicknesse, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Wylde.

The Committee met on sixteen occasions; and obtained evidence from the following persons:—M. Guizot and M. Van de Weyer; M. Libri; Dr. Meyer, German Secretary to Prince Albert; Mr. E. Edwards, an Assistant in the department of printed books at the British Museum; the Rev. H. Christmas, Librarian at Sion College, near London Wall; Mr. Richard Cogan, Librarian at Dr. Williams's Library in Redcross Street, Cripplegate; the Rev. Philip Hale, Librarian at Archbishop Tenison's Library in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; Mr. C. R. Weld, Librarian to the Royal Society; the Rev. J. J. Smith, formerly Librarian at Caius College, Cambridge; the Solicitor-General for Scotland, on behalf of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Mr. Thomas Jones, Librarian of the Chetham Library at Manchester; Mr. Colles, Mr. H. Stevens, and others, representing the Royal Dublin Society, Trinity College, Dublin, the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and other libraries and institutions at home, on the Continent, and in America generally. The range of inquiry has therefore been extensive; nor has anything been omitted, it appears to us, for rendering the inquiry complete as far as regards this country, but the evidence of the Secretary of the London Library and that of the Chaplain-General of the Forces, under whose particular care the several extensive military libraries of this country have recently been established.

The Committee has illustrated its Report with plans of the principal cities in Europe, showing the number and position of the public libraries in the several cities. It must be admitted that London makes a bad figure in this striking comparison; but Great Britain herself makes a much worse show in the tinted map of the comparative number of public libraries in Europe. It will hardly be believed, but such is the fact, that Great Britain and Holland are the two darkest tinted countries in the plan of the Committee;—in other words, the two worst off countries for public libraries in the whole of Europe. This is easily accounted for. Our public picture galleries are about the worst in Europe—our private picture galleries the best and most numerous in the world. It is so with our libraries. No country is richer than England

in private collections, both literary and scientific,—and none is so poor in those which belong to the public. There is no picture gallery at all approaching the Louvre in excellence, in the whole of France. But look at the private collections in this country;—the Bridgewater, the Grosvenor, the Queen's, Sir Robert Peel's, Mr. Hope's, Mr. Rogers's, &c. Were we, Napoleon-like, to bring together all the collections from John o'Groats to the Land's End, we should make a National Gallery of pictures not to be surpassed in any country in the world. It is much the same with our libraries. The British Museum Library stands fourth—or as we believe third—in the list of the great libraries of the world. The largest and best French collection of books is the Bibliothèque at Paris;—but what are the other libraries of France, compared with the Bodleian, the Cambridge University Library, the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, or our numerous College Libraries? Then, again, our private libraries are not surpassed. Look at the treasures brought together within our own time by the Duke of Roxburghe, Earl Spencer, Mr. Bindley, Mr. Heber, Mr. Douce, Mr. Grenville, Measure Miller, and others. England is, therefore, not wanting in libraries;—but she is sadly wanting in libraries accessible to the public.

The libraries in London accessible gratuitously to the public are four in number:—the British Museum Library, of 500,000 volumes—the Sion College Library, founded in 1623, by the vicar of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, containing nearly 40,000 volumes—Tenison's Library, behind the National Gallery, founded in 1685, by Archbishop Tenison, for the parishioners of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and the adjoining parishes, consisting of 4,000 volumes—and the Red Cross Street Library, founded in 1716, by Dr. Williams, a dissenting minister of the Presbyterian persuasion, containing 30,000 volumes. Of the British Museum Library it is needless here to speak. Sion College Library and the Red Cross Street Library are rich in theological works. The Tenison Library, though containing some choice MSS.—a Chaucer, we have heard, of great value—has sunk into a subscription news-room and chess-club; from which condition we trust to see it raised, if not by the interference of Government, at least by the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, the present vicar of St. Martin's, distinguished for his learning amongst other things. But these are not the only libraries in London accessible to the public—though on somewhat different terms. The London Institution in Finsbury Circus (so rich in topographical works) possesses upwards of 60,000 volumes—the London Library in St. James's Square has upwards of 50,000 volumes—the Royal Society in Somerset House has about 44,000 volumes—while the libraries of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, of the Athenæum Club (by far the best of the Club Libraries) and of Lambeth Palace are well stored with valuable works. Nor in an enumeration of this kind should we omit the several Mechanics' Institutes and Coffee Houses of London possessing collections constantly consulted by their subscribers and frequenters.

Our libraries are unequal not only to the wants of the public generally, but to the wants (and that is worse) of the great teachers of the public, our literary men. Fuller composed his 'Church History' and Psalmanazar his part of the 'Universal History' at Sion College in London,—Wood his 'Athenæ' at Merton and the Bodleian,—Hume his History in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh,—and Hallam and Macaulay the Histories which bear their names in their own rooms and within the walls of the British Mu-

seum. But there is another side to this picture. Johnson compiled his Dictionary from the books which his booksellers lent him,—Gibbon his History from the books which his own means enabled him to buy,—Roscoe compiled his 'Lorenzo' from the imperfect resources of a few collections in the then comparatively insignificant town of Liverpool,—and Southey composed his 'Brazil' and other works from the large but still unimportant stores of his own shelves.

The first Circulating Library in London was established in the Strand, by a bookseller of the name of Bathoe, about the year 1740:—but Allan Ramsay in Edinburgh had set the example a few years before. Now, we have private book-clubs and subscription circulating libraries over the whole kingdom. Nay, we have gone even a good deal further; Warrington and Salford have each both an open public library and a museum. In Scotland they have established 'Itinerating Libraries':—and we even read in the Evidence and Report before us of 'Kitchen Libraries.' We did not before know of this formal instalment of learning below stairs:—but it seems growing to be understood that the leisure of all classes may be properly occupied with the cares of the mind—once supposed to be a class possession. Who shall say that some future Hannah More may not come out of the kitchen,—as Doddsley came from the footman's hall to be the great publisher of poetry in Pall Mall?

In what way numerous lending libraries open to the public are to be brought into being otherwise than by parliamentary grants or certain municipal rates we are at a loss to determine. The Committee recommend, in the Report before us, that a power be given by Parliament enabling Town Councils to levy a small rate for the creation and support of Town Libraries:—and this seems the most feasible scheme of any that we have as yet seen advanced. The distribution of the 52,000 duplicates in the British Museum would do little,—and would seriously impair the utility of that great institution. It is absurd to suppose that one copy of Hume or Gibbon, or of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' or the 'Annual Register,' is sufficient for the purposes of a library attended by thousands of persons every week. We will rather endure another penny in the pound rate, and let the Museum duplicates remain where they are.

It is not only the establishment of libraries freely accessible to the public that this committee recommends by its Report; it also enforces the necessity of keeping our great public libraries open in the evenings—and the propriety of lending works to persons of known reputation both as literary men and as respectable housekeepers. When libraries such as the committee recommend shall be—as they should—as numerous as barracks and union work-houses throughout the land, we shall be glad to see the hours of access extended to the evenings—and the system introduced of lending books liberally yet cautiously. But we confess that we must hesitate a little before we would carry it, at least the latter portion, into all our public libraries. We would, at any rate, except the British Museum. We would look upon the works in that library as works not to be lent—because no risk should be run. Somewhere we must have a collection that is to be carefully guarded: in the same way that standard weights and measures were kept in former times—and may be still—by civic companies,—and that the standard coins of the realm are kept by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for what is called the trial of the Pix.

We have lately had occasion to enforce, in reference to some particular cases, the imperative duty of exposing to no kind of hazard documents that cannot be replaced:—and we would urge the same caution with respect to books of rarity, which may suffer from caprice, or some other cause, the fate of the Longus at Florence or that of the Portland Vase. We are glad to see that this caution is earnestly recommended by all the principal witnesses examined before the Committee—and admirably illustrated by a passage in an article written by Sir Walter Scott.—“While this article is passing through the press,” says Sir Walter, “we notice a singular intimation how easily such a repository of national literature (as the Bannatyne MS.) might be lost even when under the most apparently secure custody. The Bannatyne MS. is deposited in the Advocates’ Library of Edinburgh; but, from a little volume now before us, we find it was, with more liberality than discretion, permitted to pass into the possession of an individual in another country, in whose custody it remained for several months, and was conveyed from place to place, both in Ireland and England. It is true, that the individual to whom it was intrusted was the celebrated Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, for whose pursuits every degree of encouragement might justly be claimed. Still, we think that the modern Bannatynians will hear with something like misgiving of the dangerous travels of their Palladium.” We recommend the perusal of the above passage to those who quarrel with our jealous watchfulness of the public records,—and to all who would allow their liberality to get the better of their discretion.

We will not detain the reader any longer from the Report and evidence before us by any tempting allusions to the subject of gas—that great destroyer of libraries—or to the example set by the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, which has just presented an extensive and valuable donation of its duplicate books and pamphlets to the library of the British Museum. Here is a comparative statement of the number of public libraries in different countries.

“It appears that—

France contains	107	Public Libraries
Belgium	14	“
The Prussian States	44	“
Austria (with Lombardy and Venice)	48	“
Saxony	6	“
Bavaria	17	“
Denmark	5	“
Tuscany	9	“

To all these libraries admission is granted unrestrictedly:—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the foreigner as well as native. Yet it is stated that we have only one library in Great Britain equally accessible with these numerous libraries abroad; the library founded by Humphrey Chetham in the borough of Manchester. Nor is this contrast displayed by the European continent alone. Our younger brethren—the people of the United States of America—have already anticipated us in the formation of public libraries. It appears that in the United States there are above a hundred such institutions: of these a large portion are entirely open to the public. Almost every State has its public library supported by a vote of the legislature.

Paris possesses seven open public libraries:—but in London, as we have seen, we are much worse off.

“It is true that in London we have several old though scanty libraries. But they would be totally inadequate (even if improved) to meet the wants of our extending population. The old part of London is the part best supplied with libraries. The vast population which is being added almost daily to the Metropolis is withdrawing further and further from even the scanty light which these libraries diffuse. So far as libraries are auxiliary to learning, a kind of

literary darkness seems to prevail over the vast extent of the newly-formed portion of the metropolis. There is no public library in Pimlico, none in Marylebone, none in Finsbury, none in Southwark, and only the shadow of a departed library in Westminster. It would seem, indeed, that our ancestors paid much more attention to the formation of such institutions than ourselves. Almost every library in London and the country approaching to the character of a public library is an old library.”

The important subject of Catalogues is not unnoticed by the committee.

“There is no doubt that every Library should have a printed Catalogue, and that all Catalogues should (as far as possible) be published for general consultation. A man may find great use in a printed Catalogue without going into a Library. It shows him what he can procure and where he can procure it. In this country our Libraries are inadequately supplied with printed Catalogues. Even the Catalogue of the University Library at Cambridge is not printed. Of all our Cathedral Libraries only two appear to possess printed Catalogues. Nor is it essential only that Catalogues be printed and published. All new works should be rapidly entered up in them. It would appear that this has not been done with requisite celerity at the British Museum. The consequence is, that a book which has been published three years may not be procurable because it has not yet been entered in the Catalogue. The cause assigned is the want of a sufficient number of transcribers, which the Government with the best economical intentions, but with very questionable economical results, have restricted. What may be the best form for a Catalogue your Committee do not feel themselves called on to decide. That subject, with all its details, will probably have been fully considered by the Commission appointed to inquire into the British Museum. But so far as they have inquired, it appears to your Committee that a Catalogue classified as to subjects, with an alphabetical list of authors, would be the best. It is evident that till good printed Catalogues exist much time will be lost in the wearisome search for books, in every Library. Until a nation possesses a good system of Catalogues, it cannot know the extent of the literary wealth which it possesses.”

M. Guizot was examined by the Committee on the subject of a Catalogue:—and the questions and replies were the following:—

“With respect to the want of Catalogues in Public Libraries generally—can you give any information to the Committee?—I do not know how it is in the British Museum; but in all our Libraries, especially in the great National Library, the Catalogue is a very imperfect one.—Would it not be very desirable to have a good Catalogue? It would be very desirable to have a good Catalogue; it is however a matter of great expense, and a matter which must occupy a great deal of time.—Do you think the convenience arising from a complete Catalogue more than counterbalances the time and expense required to form it? Yes; if the Catalogue was once completely done it would not be very difficult to maintain it in good condition. It is a great expense, but it would exist for all time when it was once done.”

M. Guizot speaks generally:—but the Belgian Minister, M. Van de Weyer, goes direct to the point on the important subject of a Catalogue.—

“Do you consider that the possession of a good Catalogue is of very great importance to the readers in public libraries?—I should say not only for the librarian, but for the readers; the Catalogue is like the eye of a library.—Do you think that of the two it is more important for the readers and consultants of the library than for the librarian himself?—Undoubtedly so; because if the librarian is at all equal to his task he knows the books as a shepherd knows his flock.—Some librarians seem inclined to under-rate the value of Catalogues.—Those who do so want to make themselves personally indispensable.”

Here we must stop for the present:—but we shall return to the subject and the evidence before us.

A Tour of Duty in California; including a Description of the Gold Region: and an Account of the Voyage around Cape Horn, &c. By J. W. Revere, Lieut. U. S. Navy. Edited by J. N. Balestier. New York, Francis & Co.; London, Chapman.

In this volume we have the whole story of how the “land of gold” was won. And a curious story it is! But we must say a word or two first of the writer. Mr. Revere describes himself as a gentleman who has seen the world. He has the manifold advantages of having lounged about Regent Street,—supped in the Palais National,—slept on the bosom of the Sweet Waters,—shaken hands with the Imaum of Muskat in his own palace,—chafed the Jew-peddlers of Rio,—sat, like Marius, among the ruins of Carthage, and (more than the Roman exile,) moralized by the decaying walls and temples of the European and American Cathaginas,—witnessed a bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros at Madrid,—smoked a chibouque with Dost Mohammed,—danced with the dark-eyed daughters of Lima,—bivouacked in the backwoods,—sailed down the Ganges,—carried a message to Mehemet Ali,—crossed the Rocky Mountains,—camelled it through the deserts of Araby the Blest:—but we must pause, or the list of our author’s foregone adventures will swallow up all our space. Columns like ours are not on a scale sufficiently large for such an enumeration. That of the Place Vendôme might fail before the end of the recital.—We notice this piece of self-assertion, not because we doubt the facts set forth, but because we see no need for its display. In writing the history of Hampton Court, it would hardly be desirable to go back beyond the Deluge; and in a few notes on California, why need the writer give his opinion of Cabool and Calcutta? But this vice is so deeply imbedded in American literature, that we fear our protest will avail but little. It is not given to every man to hide his lights; and if an author *hace* stood beneath the dome of St. Peter’s, or sunned himself on the steeple of St. Antoine, it is perhaps asking too much of human nature to require that he shall not say so. To bear our blushing honours well is no easy task; and no one, so far as we are aware, has ever accused the slopes of the Alleghenies of being productive of “modest merit.” But, in spite of his running hither and thither, his parenthesis within parenthesis, Mr. Revere has contrived to produce a pleasant and useful book,—and to give a good deal of information about California as it stood before the great discovery.

The volume also throws light—incidentally and indirectly—on the intentions of the American Government before the breaking out of the Mexican War. We must infer from the course which events were made to take that the powers which rule in Washington had resolved to have California “by hook or by crook,”—by conquest or by purchase. Mr. Revere does not deny this:—he contents himself, as most Americans do, with looking upon annexation as the “manifest destiny” of that rich province. It is now apparent that had not the Mexican War broken out the Texan melo-drama was to have been reenacted at Monterey. Settlers from the “States” had been sent out to sow the seeds of revolution; and to be prepared to take the lead in a rising when the favourable moment should seem to have arrived. This actually occurred. When Mr. Revere’s vessel—the Cyane, a fine sloop-of-war—arrived at Monterey, the crisis had arrived. The Mexican officials were all sent off, and the province was in the hands of the “patriots.” These men declared California to be an independent and sovereign State; and then pro-

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needed to consider the question of annexation. Don José Castro, a native of the province, was made commander-in-chief,—and, probably in order to enhance his own value to the Americans, pretended to advocate the idea of sending an offer of submission to England or France. General Vallejo spoke in favour of the union; and while the matter was thus pending, Castro came to Mr. Revere to ask him if the American government would give him a brigadier-general's commission if he would join their party and carry the rival proposition!

In the midst of these negotiations Capt. Fremont appeared on the scene—ostensibly on a scientific errand—with a formidable corps of men. There is little doubt but that Fremont's mission had a political object: on this point the reader will do well to compare Mr. Revere's statements with the notes of Mr. Walpole, who was on the spot about the same time. ('Four Years in the Pacific,' p. 206, *et seq.*) Castro ordered him to retire. He refused; and the Californian soldier, treating him as an invader, collected some Rancheros and Indians and marched to attack him. He was then forced to decamp. Mr. Revere puts a bold colouring on these events. He blusters about the American banner "beneath which common men are transformed into heroes,"—and tries to be pleasant on the peril in which Don José placed the *croquerie* in the towns under his command: but he does not deny that Fremont had to retire into the north towards Oregon. A story is told of the Californian general which reminds us of *Emenes*. All great men have their foibles, Castro's was *monite*. Having got himself fearfully into debt by this seductive game, he declared that he would join the Mexican army and die in the foremost rank for the honour of his country. His pockets were empty,—and nature itself does not abhor a vacuum more decidedly than the Don. Mexico wanted heroes:—yes, he would die. His creditors took the hint—as he meant they should; and the agents of a trading house with which the general had intimate relations, told him if he would repair to Tepic—out of harm's way—another loan of a thousand would be made to him. The hero accepted the offer, and consented to live—for the benefit of his creditors!

At this time news arrived of the commencement of the Mexican war. Both in the country itself and in the ships in the Bay of San Francisco all needful preparations had been made for this event:—and in concert, as any one who reads must see,—

"It was our good fortune to reach our ship on the 14th of June, a day memorable in the annals of California. On that day, at early dawn, a party of Americans detached from a body collected together in or near Sutter's Fort, at New Helvetia on the Sacramento, rode into Sonoma, and suddenly presented themselves in arms to the astonished eyes of the Californians, as a revolutionary party. After seizing the cannon and muskets they found in the barracks, with such other munitions of war as could be found, they captured and carried away as prisoners, General M. G. Vallejo, his brother, Captain Salvador Vallejo, Lieutenant-Colonel Pruden, and several other influential persons from whom they feared opposition. A garrison was organized from among the foreigners for the defence of Sonoma, and a messenger sent down to our ship to inform her commander that they were in arms in consequence of a proclamation issued by Castro ordering all foreigners to quit the territory within forty days under the penalty of death, declaring their property confiscated, and announcing his intention to enforce his threats to the letter. The messenger further stated that the insurgents intended never to lay down their arms until they had established the independence of their adopted country, to which they had been invited with promises of lands and a republican government, but instead of which they had been prohibited to occupy lands, and had been

oppressed by a military despotism, &c. &c. &c. I have now touched a part of Californian history, concerning which, although I was on the spot when the events took place, I was then entirely in the dark, as were all the naval officers of the United States, at that time in the country. The proclamation alluded to had not previously been made known even to our commander, who, as the highest American officer in the country, would certainly have inquired into such a manifest violation of our treaty stipulations with Mexico, and if necessary would have adopted retaliatory measures. But proclamation or no proclamation, it is certain that the prisoners taken at Sonoma were carried to Captain Fremont's camp, and it is equally a fact that they were imprisoned in Sutter's Fort, and guarded in the strictest manner by a party of the revolutionists, commanded by Mr. Kermie, one of Captain Fremont's followers. I heard also, that on the first night after leaving Sonoma with their prisoners, the revolutionists, with singular inconsistency, encamped and went to sleep without setting sentinel or guard; that in the night they were surrounded by a party under the command of one Juan de Padilla, who crept up stealthily and awoke one of the prisoners, telling him that he had a strong force of well armed rancheros, who could surprise and slay the Americans before they could fly to arms, but that he, Padilla, before proceeding, awaited the orders of General Vallejo, whose rank and standing entitled him to command. The latter being called upon so as not to awake the sleepers, immediately replied that he should go voluntarily with his guardians, that he anticipated a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the whole matter, and advised Padilla to return to his rancho and disperse his band, positively refusing to permit any violence to the guard, as he was certain it would lead to disastrous consequences, and probably involve the rancheros and their families in ruin, without accomplishing any permanent good result. This was not told to me by Vallejo, but by a person who was present, and it tallies well with the account given by the revolutionists themselves, several of whom informed me that no guard was kept by them that night, and that the prisoners might have easily escaped had they felt so inclined.

* * The next day a proclamation was issued by the patriots at Sonoma, setting forth their grievances, assuring the peaceable inhabitants of protection, and declaring their intention to establish a republican government, independent of Mexico, or perish in the attempt. A flag was also hoisted bearing a Grizzly Bear rampant, with one stripe below, and the words, 'Republic of California' above the bear, and a single star in the Union."

After this, there remained nothing but the form of taking possession by the American commander and hoisting "the banner beneath which common men are transformed into heroes."

The mineral wealth of the country had not been discovered at the time when Mr. Revere was ordered home: but he saw a great deal of Californian life in his tours hither and thither,—and we know of no book which more vividly reflects all its characteristics. A reason why the "gold" had never been found by the Spaniards is suggested by the circumstance that that race had never settled in the Valley of the Sacramento. The Indians occupied all these valuable districts: and few Mexicans ever dreamt of "taking out papers"—buying a title—for lands lying in the valley. The Yankees were the first to dare the rifles of the Indians. The indolent natives of the south were not the men to take the peril and the profit of such an occupation:—the following note gives an example of the class of men to dare so dangerous a course.—

"We stopped for a night at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Yount. This old man had led an adventurous and chequered life, in the course of which he had fought under Jackson at New Orleans, and in the Seminole war, had been taken prisoner by the Indians, and actually bound to the stake. He had been a hunter and trapper, and Indian fighter at large, in the heart of the continent until his combative propensities were gratified—and he finally found himself one day at the 'jumping-off place,' and made his first attempt at ocean navigation on

the bosom of the broad Pacific. In the unpretending skiff of an otter-hunter, often unaccompanied save by his trusty rifle, he coasted the shores and islands of California, in search of the pelt of his valuable prey. While employed one day (in the year 1836) in his regular pursuit, he chanced to steer his skiff into the navigable creek or estuary of Napa, rightly judging it a place of resort for his furry friend. The valley was then inhabited by none but Indians, and he made his way up to a beautiful spot, a few miles from his boat, which had been selected for a rancheria by a tribe called the 'Caymus.' Here he sat down to rest, when suddenly there flashed upon his mind, like a gleam of light, a long-forgotten prophecy of an old fortune-teller in his native state. He declares that the Sibyl had predicted the spot of his future residence in terms exactly answering to the description of this valley, including all the accessories of grove, plain, mountain, river and even 'medicine-water,' as the Indians call the springs. The old man pondered over this prophecy, counted his gains, which had been considerable, and philosophized over the vicissitudes of human life,—not forgetting, however, to examine the valley more carefully. On his next visit to Monterey, he became a citizen of California, and obtained a grant of land embracing the charmed spot indicated by the western witch. He then came and settled it, purchasing cattle with his gains in the 'lower country.' But the happy valley then swarmed with Indians, jealous of white men and constantly fighting among themselves, so that this Elysium was turned into a Pandemonium by their screams and war-whoops. But an old hunter and trapper who had passed his life in the wilderness, alternately fraternizing and fighting with Sioux, Crows, Black-feet, and Camanches, had not come thus far to be either frightened or outwitted by the more peaceable, simple and indolent Indian of California. He quitted his skiff, formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the rancheria of Caymus, erected a log-house after the manner of his ancestors in the days of Daniel Boone, (who was supposed to have settled in the far west), and with his faithful rifle—the only fire-arm in the valley—not only stood and repelled the attacks of rival rancherias, but attacking in turn, exterminated the unruly, sustained the wavering, and, single-handed, bullied the whole valley into submission. Many a weary and anxious and watchful night did he spend ere this result was achieved; but once accomplished, his sovereignty remained undisputed; the conquered became his servants, and the allies of Caymus remain to this day his laborers and farm-hands."

Mr. Yount is a very good specimen of a Yankee settler. Sutter's Fort was the first place of shelter afforded to civilized man in this great valley. It is not impossible that the Spaniards might have dwelt in California for three centuries more without ever discovering a trace of El Dorado. The following story, which is thoroughly Californian, exhibits the dangers to which the settlers in thinly-peopled districts are laid open.—

"I am the widowed mother of nine living children. Three years ago, Ramon Sepulveda, my son, whom you see at work yonder among the adobes of the ruined house, came of lawful age. Although he is the third of my sons, he was always my favorite. My two eldest boys, though handsome and dashing fellows enough, and brave besides, as well as excellent vaqueros and skilful rancheros, were reckless gamblers, and thriftless in their management of our paternal rancho, which was the sole dependence of our numerous family. They frequently spent in a single week, when started on their course of dissipation, all our means for the whole year. We relied for support on the hides and tallow produced on the rancho, and those were sufficient to have made us independent with the least frugality. Ramon, on the contrary, who was steady and prudent, would remonstrate with his brothers, and beg them to remember that our rancho was much in debt through their extravagance and waste, and that the *cuereros*, when they came to the rancho at the time of the August matanzas, were pressing for the payment of their debts. The elder brothers would often listen to these wise counsels, and for a few days, or even weeks, be more industrious, and seem anxious to do

better. I would fondly imagine that all was going on right again at 'Los Alizos.' But at length, getting weary of work, and giving way to their evil propensities, they would ride off to the Pueblo, pretending that they only wanted to rest for a while and see their relations. But very soon they would be enticed away and take to drinking and playing at monte, forgetting that 'the best throw at dice is no throw at all,' and finally come back to me stripped of even their clothes and saddles, and much in debt besides. At length in consequence of frequent expostulations, my dear Ramon, the only support and comfort I had among them, began to be regarded as a mean-spirited fellow and a sneak, who had not the spunk to go to the town and drink and gamble among the 'caballeros.' Thus matters went on, until one day after the feast of Santa Clara, Juan and Antonio returned from the Pueblo. After hanging around sheepishly for a day or two, evidently conscious of guilt, and hardly looking either Ramon or myself in the face, they mounted their horses and rode off, as they said, on a visit to Santa Barbara, where a ship, with goods, was lying. They said they were going to purchase a few pieces of 'manta,' (coarse cotton), for Indian shirts, and to propitiate me they took advantage of a wish I had expressed a day or two before, to have some of the same goods. The very next day after their departure, an American came to the rancho and put into our hands a 'libranza,' (draft or order), for one hundred head of vaquillas, (heifers,) and two horses, one of them a noble iron-gray, a favorite of my son Ramon, and an animal which he prized above any other on the rancho. And why should he not? That horse was his familiar friend. He had frequently lassoed bears with him single-handed, and used him exclusively in any feat among the cattle on the place requiring great dexterity. Indeed 'El Rey' knew his duty better than many men, good vaqueros too, dumb beast though he was. No wonder then that Antonio and Juan kept out of the way, for the horse was 'un caballo conocido,' (a well-known horse). Ramon was in despair at this last, most ungrateful, unprincipled blow, dealt by brothers for whom he had vainly toiled; and, although he took pains to conceal from me his dissatisfaction, I could see very plainly how keenly he suffered. The custom of the country made it necessary to acknowledge the order, signed as it was by my two eldest sons; and Ramon gave the necessary orders to our mayor-domo to drive the cattle up to the corral to be ironed with the mark of a sale ('venta') on the shoulders; and he himself mounted El Rey for the last time to see in person that his orders were properly executed. Custom, señor, forbade the non-payment of the debt, for all our relatives in the country would have scouted us for not assisting those of our own blood with the last vestige of our means. On the return of my prodigal sons, I complained bitterly to them for depriving me, a widow and their mother, of my little support, at a time when we were in debt already far beyond our resources, and I dwelt particularly on the turpitude of their robbing poor Ramon of his favourite horse. They seemed ashamed and penitent for a short time; but before many days they openly expressed their regret that they had not procured more money while they were about it. In fact, they had not received for the cattle and horses which they sold, more than a third of their value. * * Well: Ramon came to me one day after this last occurrence and said 'Mother, I have resolved to leave this part of the country and go to the north side of the Bay, and I am going to the capital to-morrow to get out papers for a rancho there. Every one who has been there says it is a much finer country than this, and I would go anywhere rather than live here any longer, exposed to the dissipated and gambling habits of my brothers. I have asked Dolores if she will marry me and go along with me, and the dear angel has made me strong and happy by saying that she will accompany me to the world's end.' Maria de los Dolores, and her sister Anita, were the two beautiful daughters of Don Fernando Soto, who owned the next rancho of San Nicolas, and was an excellent old man. Ramon had loved Dolores for two years and her sister Anita was engaged to José Antonio my second son; but owing to his scape-grace habits they could not be married, and old Don Fernando was trying to break off the match altogether. 'Ah! señor, you should have seen the beautiful Dolores at this spring-time of her

life, when she gave her warm heart and willing hand to the son of my hopes, and was ready to follow him joyfully to the ends of the earth. She was very beautiful, too beautiful for this wretched earth. She was taller than most women, but lithe and graceful as the willow. When she came into a room, the grace and cordiality of her salute went directly to one's heart. She was just fifteen, which, with us, is a mature age for marriage. In the dance she moved like a celestial vision, and ravished all who looked upon her. She was not dark, like most of our maidens, but her skin, as soft as any satin, was almost a pure white, with just enough of a faint flush of the olive mixed with the rose to relieve it from any sickly look. You should have seen her hair, so long, so thick, so glossy, and so jetty black, and hanging around her lovely neck and shoulders, in a thousand raven ringlets. Her great almond-shaped eyes were as blue as yonder heaven; and the long black lashes gave them a strange and more than mortal expression. I never saw such lips—so full, so fresh, so ripe, so rosy red. And when she smiled, what sight could be more beautiful than her white and even teeth, more radiant than pearls, every one of which appeared to laugh at you! Why should I speak of her admirably rounded arms, her exquisite feet, her beautiful neck and swelling breast? Her dress was always light and careless, but everything she put on seemed to borrow beauty. Everybody that saw her said she must have lived abroad, because her manners were so perfect and easy. The very hide-seekers, who have no souls, were awe-struck in her presence, and treated her as if she had been a superior being. And so she was, señor. All those exquisite outward charms were only baubles and dross compared with the soul within, and which seemed to shine out in all her personal attractions. She had learnt to read and write, and knew more than any other maiden I ever saw. But I did not think much of that. It was her angelic disposition, her heavenly purity, which bound me to her as strongly as if she had been my own child. Ah! señor, it breaks my poor heart to think of dear Dolores, as she looked when she so freely gave her hand and heart to the only man I ever knew that was worthy of her! After a few convulsive sobs, checked by a strong effort, the old lady continued: 'The thought of ever quitting "The Sycamores," in which I lived so long and quietly with my dear husband and family, had never entered my head, and I gave Ramon a positive refusal. He went, however, to Monterey, saw the governor, and visited the land he intended to occupy, with which he was well satisfied. You may see for yourself señor, by looking about you, that he might well be satisfied with the land—for it is here. He came back to Los Alizos, with everything arranged, both for leaving our hitherto pleasant home, and for his marriage with his adored Dolores. * * * Pues, señor!' (well, sir!) continued the old lady, wiping her eyes, 'when they rode off, and I saw our sweet Dolores mounted on a pretty "blequita," which had been broken for her use by her own Ramon; their Indian boys and Indian women driving their cabalada; and my gallant Ramon following them on a fine horse, with his lance in hand and its pennon fluttering in the breeze, my heart failed within me; and when I turned to go in, I felt desolate, forsaken and broken-hearted. José Antonio, however, promised well, and I endeavoured to console myself in the best way I could for the loss of Ramon. We went on in the old course for two years. Ramon made us one or two visits during that time. His darling wife had become the mother of two children, and was in good health; but, owing to family cares, she seldom left the rancho. At the end of those two years, which had brought nothing but happiness to Ramon and his Dolores, some of the rancheros, who lived near the settlements, made up a party and went into Ramon's neighbourhood, ostensibly to catch horse-thieves, but really to obtain servants by capturing the Indians. They attacked in the night-time a populous rancheria of Gentiles living near Ramon's rancho:—you may have seen the place, señor, just where the Russian River makes a bend, forming a deep pool. It is a charming bathing-place, with an old "tamaseal" near its banks, and is surrounded by beautiful forest-trees. The poor, persecuted Gentile men fled, after losing several of their number, leaving behind their women and children. The in-

human marauders and assassins, after selecting such of these as they wanted for servants, cruelly tortured, and barbarously murdered some of the women and children, who could not be driven off. The Gentiles who had fled came back, but not to attack the numerous and well-armed body which had sacked and pillaged their rancheria. But, sir, the very worm will turn when he is trodden on, and these poor ignorant Indians, giving way to their outraged feelings, took vengeance on the settlers in the neighbourhood, who had indeed no connexion with the marauders, but were sacrificed to the blind fury of the Gentiles, to atone for the crimes of their guilty compatriots. One ranchero, who was Ramon's next neighbour, was found murdered in his bed. But how shall I be able to proceed? Alas, sir, the house of my in-offensive, kind-hearted son Ramon, was attacked; his wife, the heavenly and angelic Dolores, and her two infant children, brutally murdered; and Ramon himself, after performing prodigies of valour, and slaying with his lance several of the Indians, escaped by the excellence of his horse to Sonoma, dragging at the end of his riata an Indian prisoner, whom he had lassoed in the fray. General Vallejo was at that time *Comandante General*. He raised a party, and with Ramon, visited this scene of terrible disaster. They attacked the savages, and wreaked a most awful vengeance; but Ramon's cattle had all been driven away, and the bodies of his little family lay buried in the blackened ruins of his once happy home. Poor, poor Ramon! Bereft at a single blow of wife, children, and property, the unfortunate returned to the paternal rancho, having lost heart to go on with his own,—his old neighbours also declaring he should not go back and expose himself to the barbarity of the Gentiles. Affairs remained thus until last year, when Ramon, again discouraged by the conduct of his elder brothers, we resolved to come back to this melancholy but lovely spot. My two other sons have left California.—José Antonio went off to Sonoma, with Castro, and Juan is now in the field under that little Mexican blackguard, Flores. Ramon would not join them, but proposed to me to come up here and settle anew, which I consented to do, because many of your valiant countrymen have settled in this vicinity, and the neighbourhood is much safer than it formerly was. Next week, Ramon will receive his cattle which are coming here from 'Los Alizos,' and we hope to be comfortably settled by next year, for we rancheros require little, as you know, señor. But my poor child is not the blith and frolicsome young cavalier he was before his sad bereavement. He has grown pensive and melancholy, and vainly tries to hide from me the grief which consumes him by day and night. Sometimes I will steal upon him unawares, and my heart sinks when I hear his deep-drawn sighs. In the dead of night he will start and call upon Dolores in his dreams. I have, señor, a little plan of my own, which I have not yet revealed to Ramon. Anita still remains unmarried; and although not so beautiful and fascinating as Dolores, she is a handsome, frank, and kindhearted girl, and as worthy as any mere mortal can be to supply the place of her sainted sister. By degrees I shall bring this project to poor Ramon, and perhaps when you pass this way again you may find him a happier man.'

This tale is full of morals for those who have time to gather them. But our space is exhausted. With all its drawbacks, we think we have said and quoted enough of this little book to send our readers to its pages. It has a pretty good chart of the Bay of San Francisco:—but in other respects it is wretchedly illustrated.

Lectures on Dental Physiology and Surgery. By John Tomes. Parker.

THERE are few subjects that have been investigated with more care or greater ability by modern observers than the structure of the teeth. This has arisen from several causes. The zoologist has long employed the teeth as one of the best points of structure on which to found distinctions between the various groups of the higher animals. The reason for their being so arises from the necessity of adapting

the tooth to the kind of food suited to the animal; whilst the food of the animal seems to determine its habits as well as the structure of its internal organization:—so that in this way the teeth become the index to a number of particulars in the economy and structure of animals generally. But the teeth are interesting not to the zoologist only, but to the geologist also; for, as they are possessed of a structure that enables them to resist decomposition more than any other part of the animal body, it is not unfrequently the case that they are the only remains of extinct animals which can be found. Such, in fine, is the remarkable adaptation of the teeth to the whole character of the being to which they belong, that a sagacious naturalist can at once conceive the structure of the whole animal from an examination of these organs alone. We believe that at this moment several species of extinct animals have been described whose only discovered remains are teeth. The structure of the teeth and the mode in which they are first developed and continue to grow have a very interesting relation with other tissues. Thus, some teeth are evidently modifications of the cutaneous integument,—whilst others are related to the osseous tissue. Independently of these relations, the peculiar structure of the tooth itself, with its coating of enamel, its internal body of dentine or ivory, and its bony fang, has a special interest for the physiologist and anatomist. With all these recommendations, it will not be matter of wonder that the study of the composition of the teeth should have received so much attention. One of the most splendid contributions made to natural history by our great comparative anatomist, Owen, is his 'Odontography,'—a work on the structure of the teeth in the animal kingdom.

But there is yet another point of view from which dental physiology and anatomy have been studied. Amongst the ills that "flesh is heir to," there is none more painful than toothache. This fact, quite independently of the patronage of Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, called into existence a body of men who devoted themselves entirely to dental practice. At first, the village blacksmith took this department out of the hands of the country apothecary:—but, gradually, educated medical men, even members of the College of Surgeons, have found it worth while to practise exclusively this branch of their profession. From the time when Prof. Bell undertook to practise dental surgery, and published his book on the structure and diseases of teeth, up to the present day, there has been a gradual improvement in the practice and literature of this branch of surgery. Many are the treatises of great merit which have been published on the subject;—but we can recommend this work by Mr. Tomes as by far the most complete and comprehensive work of the kind that we have seen.

The introductory lectures of this series are occupied by a description of the structure, development, and physiology of the teeth, which will be found interesting to all engaged in the study of natural history or that of general anatomy,—as well on account of the author's original researches as because of the complete view which he gives of our present knowledge of the subject. The subsequent lectures in which the diseased condition of the teeth are discussed are written in so clear and intelligible a manner that there are few who will not be interested in them. A part of one of the lectures is devoted to the discussion of the propriety of administering chloroform for operations on the teeth. Here we agree with Mr. Tomes, that although etherization was first introduced as a means of alleviating the pain endured in extracting, yet as that operation is never attended with

fatal effects, and as chloroform has occasionally destroyed life, it is better not to administer this agent at all under such circumstances.—This remark must not be supposed to apply to any of the cases in which experience has proved that operations are less fatal when persons are placed under the influence of chloroform than when that agent is not used. In all such, we hold that a medical man is not even at liberty to elect whether he will administer those agents or not:—he is morally bound to etherize his patients previously to operating.

In conclusion, we may remark that the value of Mr. Tomes's book is greatly enhanced by a series of well-executed wood engravings.

Heinrich von Kleist's Life and Letters, with an Appendix.—[Heinrich von Kleist's Leben und Briefe, &c.] Edited by Edward von Bilow. Berlin, Besser; London, Williams & Norgate.

It is somewhat late in the day to attempt to revive an interest in poor Kleist's wayward life and reckless death. Even those who most deplored the sudden eclipse of his fitful light, measured the loss rather by expectations of what he might have done had he continued to write, than by any supposed perfection in his actual performances. His comedies were but coldly received during his lifetime; nor did the applause bestowed on his more important dramas—of which 'Kätchen von Heilbronn' is now the best remembered—at all satisfy the ambition of the author. It would, indeed, appear that the indifference of the public to his poetical claims was among the exciting causes that drove to a desperate conclusion a mind in which the seeds of insanity had been scattered from the beginning of his career; and that his disgust of life, however it may have grown with the sense of his country's degradation under the French, was at first provoked by this and other personal causes of discontent. Those who now view his remains, with the hints given by the present editor of the perverse bias and incoherence of his moral constitution, will hardly conclude that poetry could have gained much by any further development of which his nature was capable.

Of his untoward career the main facts have been sufficiently known for years: and Herr von Bilow's account of his life in no essential point alters the estimate of his disposition and literary gifts prefixed by Tieck to his edition of Kleist's works, in 1821. All the details of his personal history worth collecting are probably to be found in the volume before us; and it will hardly be thought desirable to publish more hereafter, could more be discovered. The picture, altogether, is not an inviting one. We now see explained by original records of his boyhood and youth, and by these letters of his—now first printed—many things in his unsteady course which could not be accounted for on any theory applicable to a rational mind—with every allowance made for the "eccentricities of genius." The explanation is plainly to the effect that we must no longer think of measuring Kleist by any such standard—that, in fact, there was a congenital flaw in his nature, which, if not amounting to constant or positive insanity, was ever pressing him towards its verge, and drove him beyond all control on any occasion of excitement.

They have, it seems, a saying in Brandenburg, that all the Kleists are born poets—"Alle Kleists Dichter."—Henry von Kleist, although a native of the same province, was of a family in nowise related to the earlier poet and soldier of that name,—the brave Ewald von Kleist, who met his death on the field of Kunnersdorf in 1759. The younger and weaker Kleist was born—of noble, but poor parents

—at Frankfort on the Oder, in 1777; at first served in the Royal Prussian Guard, grew weary of this, and left the army with the design of devoting himself to study: afterwards entered the civil service at Berlin, but quitted that employment also; and ran off to Paris,—with a sister, whom he not unfrequently "*disguised in man's clothes*,"—on the pretext of studying there, but in reality, we now find, from a mere craving of change, and in aimless discontent with his actual position. Returning from France, he passed some time in Switzerland; where, at the age of twenty-four, he seems to have first conceived the idea of becoming a poet. After visits to Weimar, &c., he again returned for a short time to office in the Finances at Berlin; but his position there—had he been otherwise likely to keep it long—was broken up by the fall of the Prussian State at Jena: and from thenceforth he had no settled pursuit,—for his literary career, even, can hardly be called a continual one. What he performed in it is so well known, that we need not detail its several results here. During the supremacy of the French in Prussia he was arrested—on what suspicion is not yet fully known, although his intimacy with the partisans of resistance may explain the circumstance,—and was for some time a prisoner at Chalons; and it was not until after his release, in 1808, and the declaration of war by Austria in 1809—when he composed the ode 'Germania'—that we find him uttering any of that patriotic impatience which, after the battle of Wagram and the peace of Schönbrunn, is supposed to have imbittered his life and hastened its voluntary close. We have already said that personal discontents and a restless craving for something he could himself scarcely define had their full share in this catastrophe. His circumstances were involved; his small patrimony had been expended in aimless journeyings to and fro, in search of the peace or activity which he could not find within himself. His early engagement to a young lady, a neighbour of his paternal home at Frankfort, had been broken off, on a strange proposal—which he sent to his mistress from Paris. After he had long been living at a distance from her, he imparted to her on a sudden a scheme of peasant life in the south of France or Switzerland, to which both she and her friends naturally objected. Kleist had resolved to lay aside his nobility, and commence working at a small farm with his own hands; and asked his mistress to marry him at once on this expectation. This close to what, the biographer dryly observes, had hardly been a very earnest attachment, left, however, a blank in Kleist's vague existence which does not appear to have been again filled up,—although he was once more engaged to be married, and attempted to poison himself when the match was broken off; and afterwards entered into relations of more or less warmth and duration with other women,—amongst others with the lady at whose instance it appears the catastrophe both of his and her existence came to pass. This last, we are given to understand, was a purely spiritual connexion; the lady being rich in mental attractions, but too much afflicted in body by ill health to excite vulgar passions. Her name, which the editor needlessly and affectedly hides under the pseudonym of "Henriette," was Adolphine Vogel; she was the wife of a Berlin merchant, of whose house Kleist was a constant inmate during the latter years of his life.

The story of the joint suicide is now told as follows. The lady, besides suffering from that morbid life-weariness, which was for a while epidemic in certain half-developed natures in Germany, was a victim also to bodily pain,—

which her physicians at length pronounced to be the effect of an incurable disease. At an early period of her intimacy with Kleist—but after this doom had already been made known to her—she first conjured him to promise her the service of a truly devoted friend, and, then, having gained his ready consent, declared that the service she demanded was that he should take her life whenever she might think proper to claim his promise! This was mad enough; but the result was madder still. Poor Kleist, who had long been tampering with the same forbidden thoughts, made no attempt either to recall his promise or to turn the lady from her purpose;—and afterwards, when she intimated that the time for its fulfilment was come, at once proceeded to carry it into effect; making it, of course, a point of honour to join his friend in the fatal act. So the story is now related; as though Kleist's share in the matter were mainly an act of necessity enforced by a hasty promise,—which, if true, in such a case as this would be nearly as insane as if it had been his own choice. But we may see that this way of shaking off a life which sate as uneasily on Kleist as on his friend was a resource by no means strange to his own thoughts. Nor is it altogether unlikely, indeed, that he may have first suggested the idea to poor Adolphine Vogel. In the biography now printed we find frequent reference to violent ways of solving the confusions and disappointments which were incessantly fermenting in Kleist's mind; and, in 1808, as we have said, he had, in fact, tried to poison himself with laudanum at Dresden, on the rupture of his proposed marriage with a rich young lady to whom he had been introduced by the Körners. With the purpose, therefore, he was already familiar,—even if the last impulse were given by another. Indeed, had not this been the case, it is impossible to conceive that an overstrained idea of obligation could have induced him to fulfil a rash promise in the most reckless manner; as if to shoot a friend and then destroy himself were an act of courtesy to which, after once having promised a friendly service, he was bound by this amicable understanding! Other circumstances complete the display of Kleist's lunacy in this matter. Several months before the catastrophe took place, he appears to have imparted his purpose to his intimates with the most frigid composure; and Herr von Bülow believes that some of them were even invited to do the same thing, “as he was averse from performing it alone.” He collects from a letter written to La Motte Fouqué (the sentimental romancer), that Kleist, “among other friends, had endeavoured to persuade Fouqué to take a voluntary leave of the world in company with him;” but we learn without much surprise that “Fouqué, as well as the others,” flatly declined the invitation. This, however, was by no means acceptable to Kleist; who thereupon, “disappointed in his expectations” of that chosen friend, “withdrew from all further intercourse with him.”

The act, after these failures in the attempt to perform it with a numerous party, was consummated, with his single companion, on the 20th of November, 1811, near a small inn on the way to Potsdam;—and we have for the first time, by Herr von Bülow's assistance, a curious view of the whole extraordinary scene. Were it possible to yield to a sense of the ludicrous while following the details of a desperate tragi-comedy, one might well be tempted to laugh at the strange and quite unsentimental way in which, as it seems, the process was conducted. We have the account from the innkeeper whose house the pair had chosen as the station from which to make the attempt; and

according to his report, it was ushered in with a levity of manner in both the victims, and preceded by a degree of “creature-comforting” and deliberate homeliness which in most eyes will deprive the miserable transaction of all romantic gloss. Yet it may be that, on a second view, this circumstance will be felt to enhance the repulsive character of the scene,—by the harsh contrast between the commonplace incidents that introduced it—the consumption of “bouillon,” and the frequent calls for “coffee,” followed by an adjournment to the meadow across the water, and orders for “rum,” the sending back of cups and saucers, &c.,—and the dismal catastrophe which closed these tavern ceremonies.

The two friends quietly drove out from Berlin one afternoon—put up at the inn *Zum Stimming*—sent away the hired carriage—supped together comfortably, and passed the night (in writing letters, it seems), giving out that they expected friends from Potsdam on the following day. On the next morning they sent a messenger with letters to Berlin. One was to Herr Vogel the lady's husband,—one to a friend of Kleist's; and about the time at which they ascertained these letters might arrive, they had refreshments carried out to a spot not far from the house—passed some time in cheerfully enjoying them—paid the bill, and sent the servant away. Before the latter had got out of hearing, Kleist took pistols from a basket at hand; first shot Adolphine Vogel through the heart, and afterwards himself through the head. Both must have perished instantly. A few hours afterwards the husband and another person arrived from Berlin. These were the guests whom the strangers had told the innkeeper to make ready for! “The husband came into the apartment, threw his hat into one corner, his gloves into the other, and was quite inconsolable for the loss of his wife.” The climax of this pitiable—farcical, we had almost called it—might be termed complete if that be true which Herr von Bülow says he has heard from the physician who conducted the “autopsy” of the suicides—viz. that the examination proved that Adolphine had after all been misinformed by her own doctor; and had not, in fact, been afflicted by any incurable or even serious complaint. The two were buried on the field where they fell; and the site is now marked by a monument lately erected by the pious care of the present editor.

One graceful trait connected with this part of the tale must not be passed over. Herr von Bülow thus closes the account of his pilgrimage to the fatal spot which gentle hands, he found, had preserved from disorder.—

I found the two graves artlessly fenced round with pine boughs, and covered with green turf; and between them a vigorous young oak-tree growing up. After inspecting the graves, I paid my visit to the innkeeper's daughter, Emilia Holzmann, a young and handsome girl,—who, blushing as if she had been detected in a fault, confessed the good service she had rendered to these noble dead; and I thanked her in the name of all the friends of Kleist,—whose grave I commended to her continued protection. As she had up to this time known nothing of the works of the deceased who rested there, I sent her afterwards a copy of them.

We love sweet Emilia all the better for this ignorance,—which marks her care for the burial-place of the suicides as the simple emotion of pure womanly pity, unalloyed by a thought of anything beyond their misfortune. So that this dark story even is not without its thread of a softer colour;—and grateful readers will bless the maiden hand that has blended with it a human interest in which all hearts may sympathize.

The letters that follow this biographical sketch are not likely to increase Kleist's reputation. Many of them, indeed, are mere love-letters to his first mistress; and the tone of these, as the editor remarks, is far more didactic than affectionate. Others, of later date, to male and female friends—the companion of his suicide being one—are merely remarkable for the ferment of spirits and mental disorganization which they display. They are evidently the product of a mind thrown out of all balance,—troubled with discontent, impatience, jealousy, impetuous schemes for taking “happiness” by storm, and with a never-ending morbid self-inspection which it is wearisome to follow. On reading these memorials, we need no further clue to the instability of Kleist's course; and may clearly detect the cause of its abrupt termination. The sign of mental derangement is marked on all its stages. We close the record with pity for one who scarcely appears to have been at any time an accountable being: regretting that a fine (if not a superior) genius, with which nature had certainly endowed him, should have been overlaid by a disorganized moral structure, through which it could never freely play, but only came out at best in sudden flames,—its light intercepted by perverse fancies, and its fire hurried into mere smoke by the gusts of passion.

A History of the Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, King of England. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Vol. IV. Saunders & Otley.

WE called the attention of our readers in Nos. 738 and 813 to the former volumes of this history; and the fourth volume, now before us, concludes the work. The progress of Mr. James's narrative, as we remarked on a former occasion, has hitherto been very slow:—the close of the second volume bringing us only to the time of young Richard's receiving knighthood, and even the third but closing with the account of his coronation. The present volume, therefore, includes all the most valuable portion of the work; indeed, all that in a strictly historical sense may be called the life of Cœur-de-Lion,—since it comprises the whole tale of his prowess in the East, his captivity, his return to England, and his mysterious death. It is as the gallant Croine, the unmatched leader of the third Crusade, the “Malek Ric,” whose name for centuries was “a name of fear” alike to the wayward Arab chieftain and the refractory Arab war-steed, that Cœur-de-Lion has dwelt on the popular mind; and it is interesting, as illustrative of the frequent truth of tradition, to find that a closer reference to our contemporary chroniclers, but especially to the Oriental historians, fully bears out the popular belief:—for the Richard of authentic history is as bold, as daring, as conspicuous for his deeds of surpassing strength and valour as the Richard of romance.

The third Crusade—with the preparations for which this volume commences—was determined upon by Plantagenet and Philip Augustus two years ere it took place. The death of the former and the accession of his son postponed this expedition; and it was not until the Midsummer of 1190 that the French and English armies met on the plains of Vezelai, and from thence proceeded to Marseilles. Here Richard put to sea, and coasted along the shores of Italy to Messina;—where, ere he arrived, the fleet from which he had been separated had come in. The details of the appearance of this mighty armament, as it swept into the Bay of Messina, would, according to Mr. James, occupy too much space to describe,—so he merely gives us a dry estimate of the number of the vessels and of their respective crews. But of what use are

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four thick octavo volumes devoted to a monarch whose whole reign numbered scarcely ten years, unless the graphic and characteristic traits and descriptions of the old chroniclers be given? What the fleet did, rather than how it looked or how it was ordered, is indeed of primary importance in modern history; but in this case the appearance of the vessels—of the men-at-arms and the mariners—the account of the regulations, too, which kept these rude and hardy men to their duty—would all have supplied most interesting details, illustrating not only the progress of the arts of civilized life but the degree of civilization then existing. Indeed, the minute description of Vinesauf—of the dromonds, with their triple-spread of sails—the galleys, with their gilded and painted beaks, and decked with pennons and standards—and the vessels with their brodered sails, and adorned with their rows of shields, has often struck us; and we have half felt inclined to believe, with him, that "so fine and so gallant a sight the people of Messina never before saw, or will ever again see." The regulations of the fleet were also worth giving. The favourite Transatlantic punishment of "tarring and feathering," whether invented or not by the Lion-hearted, is first mentioned here; and it was decreed to be the penalty for stealing from a comrade.

Richard was tolerably active at Messina. He set up a gallows before his own door in *terrorem* both to Sicilians and Croises; and he sent King Tancred a message, which he soon found he did not dare to neglect. Eventually the monarchs became very good friends. Reciprocating presents, they took leave of each other,—and Richard, with his affianced bride, Berengaria, sailed towards Palestine. Tempests ere long ensued. Some of the vessels were wrecked on the coast of Cyprus;—and here Richard anchored with the remainder of the fleet, determined to punish the perfidious monarch of the island, who had lured the wrecked mariners into the interior, and made them prisoners.—

"That Richard was greatly enraged there can be no doubt; but every contemporary declares that the message which he sent to Isaac was mild and pacific. He besought him, for the love of God and the honour of the Holy Cross, to set his men at liberty, and to restore the arms and goods of which he had plundered them. In league with the Mahomedan princes, the emperor returned a bold and insolent answer; he not only refused to liberate his prisoners, and to restore the property he had taken, but he threatened the king with the same fate as those who had preceded him, if he ventured to land on the island. The patience of Richard now gave way, and commanding his land forces to arm, he prepared to make a descent upon the coast in the boats of his fleet, while some of the galleys were ordered to force the port, which, as well as the city, had been carefully fortified to resist the anticipated attack. Richard himself, with a large number of archers and crossbow-men, led the first division of his flotilla; but the Cypriots were not unskilful in the use of the bow, and the whole shore was lined with the emperor's forces, glittering in splendid armour, and displaying in their garments and banners all the brilliant colours of the East. As the boats approached, the flights of arrows are said, in the common term, to have darkened the air, and so heavily did they fall in the ranks of the crusaders, that Vinesauf admits the hardy warriors of Richard were little inclined to land. The English galleys, however, had by this time overcome those of the enemy, and the king, remarking the hesitation of his troops, sprang from his barge into the sea, and hewed down the first of the enemy that fell by the sword. Animated by his example, the knights and nobles poured forth from their boats, and after a brief struggle, the Cypriot troops gave way in every direction. Richard and his army pursued without an instant's delay, and drove the flying squadrons through the city, and thence into the open fields beyond. The tremendous flights of the English and Norman

arrows fell thick amongst the crowded fugitives; the sword raged in their rear; and Richard in his element amidst the strife, caught a stray horse, and springing on its back, shouted after the flying Isaac with a laugh: 'Come back, my lord emperor, and try your prowess with me in single combat.' The derisive words of the English king, however, only served to hasten the flight of the Greek; and darkness approaching, Richard did not venture to pursue his adversaries into the hills, the passes of which were unknown to any one in his host. Returning into Limesol, he caused his sister and his bride to be brought on shore the same evening, and they passed the night, in security and rejoicing, in the midst of the monarch's victorious army."

The final triumph over Isaac, and the complete subjugation of Cyprus, with the incident of the captive monarch's chains being of silver, read altogether very like a page from a chivalrous romance, rather than, as they undoubtedly are, authentic history. The story of Richard's doings in the Holy Land is tolerably familiar to the reader. Even ere he had set foot on its shores, he was called to fight the Paynim; and almost beneath the walls of Acre he encountered and sank a huge vessel laden with military stores. The fame of Richard had preceded him, and his arrival spread dismay among the hosts of the Saracens:—"for," says Boha-eddin, "this king was terrible in strength, and proved in valour, and unconquerable in resolution." The personal prowess no less than the warlike skill of Richard was displayed at the siege of Acre; when Alberic Clement, marshal of France, having been killed in an attempt to scale the walls,—and the shower of arrows and the Greek fire from the walls rendering all approach perilous,—

"It was reserved for Richard to avenge the death of Alberic Clement; for the repulse of the French had hardly taken place, and the King of England himself was still in a state of great weakness, when he was found present at the spot where his engines were erected, directing their aim, and causing others to be constructed. Amongst the rest was one of those vast machines with many stages, which I have before mentioned, and which had been pushed very near to the walls. To its shelter Richard caused himself to be conveyed on silken cushions, and taking a cross-bow from one of the archers, he employed himself in discharging it at every Saracen who appeared upon the walls. It is curious that this weapon, from which he afterwards received his death wound, was a favourite one of Richard, and that he restored it to general use, at least in his own country, after it had nearly been abandoned. Seated under his large tower, but yet not completely sheltered from the arrows of the foe, Richard continued to annoy the enemy for several hours, killing many with his own hand. It is particularly noticed that a very fierce and powerful Saracen, who ventured to come forth upon the walls covered with the arms of Alberic Clement, fell immediately from a bolt out of Richard's cross-bow."

Acre at length capitulated; but when the banner of the Croises waved upon its crumbling battlements, many soldiers of the Cross, exhausted with the fatigues and perils of the past siege, prepared to return home:—and among them Philip Augustus himself, leaving the Duke of Burgundy with a small force to carry on the war. The gallant capture of Acre was sullied by the cruel massacre by Richard and the Duke of Burgundy of the Saracen hostages. The strange account of Vinesauf, that on this occasion "the gall-bladders of the slain were extracted for medical uses," suggests an elucidation, we think, of that line in Hecate's incantation—

Liver of blaspheming Jew.

Medical appliances and spells were closely allied in the Middle Ages; and the gall of an unbeliever, whether Jew or Saracen, was probably thought to possess as mysterious virtues as that of the fish caught by Tobias.

The march of Richard from Acre to Ascalon was marked by many deeds of surpassing prowess; but his ardent desire to reconquer Jerusalem was not to be granted,—and he eventually quitted Palestine, leaving little proof behind him of his sojourn save his invincible name. Indeed, his last battle, for the relief of Jaffa, was singularly chivalrous in all its circumstances; from the time when the pitiful supplication for relief was sent to him, and he exclaimed, "Living Lord! I will go, God willing, to do what I can," until the royal galley was moored close under the walls and he sprang before all others into the sea: when,—

"the lion-like courage of the English king, the awful renown of his name, and the fiery rapidity of his course, produced their usual effect upon the enemy. Sword in hand, he cleft his way, like a thunderbolt, leaving dead and dying on every side. 'The Malek Ric! the Malek Ric!' was screamed by the flying foe, and a whole host fell before a mere handful, headed by the great warrior of Christendom. The Mussulmans rushed from the shore into the town, carrying consternation with them; the Christians in the citadel witnessed the scene, and recovering their courage, threw open their gates, and poured forth to support their deliverer; the Saracens were driven from street to street with terrible slaughter; Boha-eddin himself fled to the sultan, to tell the tale of Richard's arrival, and the defeat of his troops; the panic seized upon Saladin himself; and, as the English monarch, judging victory not yet complete, issued forth from Jaffa into the plain, to attack, with his scanty band, an army of more than a hundred thousand men, the great conqueror of the East fled from before his face, and left his camp in the hands of the enemy."

The truce concluded between Richard and Saladin soon after allowed Richard to return to Europe; and anxious to travel as swiftly as possible, he determined to proceed incognito, and by land. That a complete and unquestionably correct account of a journey undertaken under these circumstances should, after the lapse of six hundred and fifty years, be obtained, can scarcely be expected; still, we think Mr. James is unduly sceptical when he remarks that the tale of this journey homeward "bears every appearance of a fiction invented to embellish a meagre narrative." Now, the story has always seemed to us remarkably coherent; and when we remember that it was written by a monk, who professes to have received the account from "the chaplain Anselm, who was one of the king's companions," the truth seems even more apparent, since the prevailing faults of monkish narratives find no place here. Neither saint nor angel—nor even demon—is introduced: no outrageous feats of valour on the part of the great warrior of Christendom are recorded; but the tale of his successive disappointments and misfortunes is told, whether true or not, in a very truthful manner. The incident of Richard sending so valuable a ring, when in the disguise of a merchant he sought safe conduct from the chief of Goritz, that suspicion was excited, is extremely natural; and so are those of the Norman knight discovering him, and warning him of his danger,—and the fatal mistake of the page, when the brodered glove which he carelessly carried in his girdle betrayed the rank of his master. It is rather curious to find Mr. James, while so sceptical as to John de Okenede's narrative, yielding at least a partial credence to the far more apocryphal story—pretty enough though it be—of the minstrel Blondel's search after his lord, and his recognition of him by his song:—a story which rests only on the authority of an old French chronicle, or prose romance, and which was inserted with similar tales by Fauchet in his 'Recueil.'

The account of proceedings in England during Richard's sojourn in the Holy Land and his subsequent captivity, in the 20th

book, are very meagre; and we regret this the more, because the feud between Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, and Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, with Longchamp, the Chancellor, which ended with the expulsion of the latter, illustrates several points of our early constitutional history, and we think affords also some illustration of the rise of the popular principle of representation. After the unjustifiable conduct of the Constable of Dover Castle, who seized Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, even at the altar,—a place certainly privileged from arrest,—and hurried him across the town to the castle,—although Longchamp, “moved by a tardy regret,” as Newborough phrases it, ordered his liberation, the Archbishop proceeded to London, and there told the story of the insults which he had endured to a people already exasperated to the utmost against the Norman prelate who, as Bishop Hugh of Coventry states in his letter, had “so reduced the Church to ignominy and the people to poverty through the misrule of himself and his ruffians [*ganeones*], that neither a girdle remained to the man, a brooch to the woman, a ring to the noble, nor even a gem to the Jew.” They therefore determined, in the quaint phrase of Newborough, “to break the horn of this rhinoceros;” and in their name the Bishop of London wrote to John—“As you love the honour of God, and the church, and the lord king, both your king and mine, be at the bridge of Loddon, on the Saturday next after the feast of St. Michael, because, God willing, I will be there, amicably to treat of great and weighty matters concerning the king and the kingdom.” According to Mr. James, “John’s troops were gathering fast around him, and the prince showed himself determined to get rid of the presence of the bishop by some means.” Now, although John was doubtless anxious to get rid of Longchamp, still, the first steps were taken by the citizens of London. It does not appear to us that Longchamp was summoned to this conference at the bridge of Loddon, as Mr. James states. That he threw himself into the Tower, probably intending to defend himself there, is correct; and it seems in consequence of this that John and his followers marched to London. The ensuing contest was, however, very far from being a private squabble, as Mr. James seems to view it. According to Benedict Abbas, a contemporary and most trustworthy chronicler (p. 698), “The Chancellor came to London, and shut himself up in the Tower with his train; and Earl John, and almost all the bishops, earls, and barons of England, and their followers, on the third day after the octave of St. Michael, entered London, and on the morrow the aforesaid Earl John and the Archbishop of Rouen, and all the bishops, and earls and barons, and citizens of London with them, met in the churchyard of St. Paul’s, and accused the Chancellor of many things, chiefly the injuries he did to the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham, and Henry his son. The associates (that is, the council,) “of the said Chancellor accused him of many things, saying that he did it without their consent. The Archbishop of Rouen and William Mareschal, Earl of Strigul, then first showed before the people the sealed letters of the king, by which the lord king, when at Messina, directed that if the Chancellor did any unwise thing (*stultum quid*) which might be to the detriment of the king or kingdom, the aforesaid archbishop should take his place, and William Mareschal, Galfrid Fitz-Peter, Hugh Bardolf, and William Bruere, should be associated in the rule. Therefore it pleased John, brother of the king, and all the bishops, and earls and barons, and citizens of London, that the Chancellor should be deposed, and his office fulfilled by the

Archbishop of Rouen, as the king had directed. And so it was done for the security of the kingdom. John the earl, brother to the king, the Archbishop of Rouen, and all the bishops, earls, and barons of the realm, who came thither, granted unto the citizens of London its peculiar franchise (*communam suam*), and swore that they would maintain it and the dignity of the city inviolate as long as the king should please. And the citizens of London, and the bishops, earls and barons, swore fidelity to King Richard and to John, Earl of Moreton, his brother, saving the faith of the king; and that they would receive him as their lord and king, if the king died without offspring. Thus the Chancellor, “*vero cancellatus*,” says the worthy chronicler, actually perpetrating a wretched pun on the joyful occasion, “was deposed, and he swore that he would give up to Earl John the castles of England, and immediately he gave up the Tower and the castle of Windsor, and certain others, but not all.”

We have given this quotation at length; and we may here remark, that Hoveden’s account is nearly verbatim, because it emphatically proves that whatever was John’s subsequent conduct, he rather fell in with the popular will on this occasion than coerced it. The meeting was evidently a great popular assembly, and to the inhabitants of Saxon London must have been a gratifying reminiscence of the Witena-gemots of the Saxon period. Mr. James is in error in his remark, that “the assembly took upon itself to perform an act which had hitherto been reserved exclusively to the reigning sovereign, and granted a charter to the citizens of London.” Now, no charter was granted; the inviolability of their “*communam*,” their already chartered privileges, was indeed recognized, but no extension of these was conceded. The political importance of London is, however, strongly brought out in this incident. The great assembly of “bishops, earls and barons” are evidently unwilling to proceed in their deliberations until the co-operation of the London citizens is obtained; and this seems to have been dependent on the express recognition of their chartered rights. The agreement that John should succeed, if Richard died childless, is another proof how closely Saxon usage was followed. As may be shown in many an instance during the Saxon commonwealth, a younger brother was often chosen as king, to the exclusion not only of an elder brother’s child, but even of the monarch’s own children, if by infancy they were disqualified for what was emphatically the chief functions of royalty—to preside in council and to lead to battle. Nor did this assembly assume—according to Saxon usage—an undue power; for the right of the Witena-gemot to determine the question of succession to the crown Mr. Kemble has shown in his admirable work to have been constantly recognized. We have gone over this part of our subject more at length, since it has been mostly overlooked by our historians; although, if taken in connexion with the subsequent contests of John’s reign, it supplies an important proof that the stand which our forefathers then made was no sudden and unlooked-for effort, but rather the natural result of a return to Saxon usages, arising from a growing feeling of independence on the part of the people.

That this willing recognition of John’s claim to the succession awakened in his mind a desire for the immediate possession of the kingdom, is, we think with Mr. James, very likely; and thus he seems to have been ready to betray the interests of his brother to Philip Augustus, even before he was aware of that brother’s captivity. The news of Richard’s capture was followed by the whole of the Norman duchy

being overrun by the victorious troops of Philip Augustus,—while John, who was in secret concert with the French king, endeavoured to spread the report that Richard died in prison. The long delays which took place, and which may chiefly be attributed to the machinations of Philip Augustus, must have however familiarized the minds of the people with the thoughts of Richard’s death and his brother’s succession; and there seems little doubt, too, we think, that John’s mind dwelt so strongly upon it that at length it became an overmastering desire.

Richard returned in the spring of 1194, and was received with unfeigned joy by all his subjects. In London his reception was most eager; proving, we think, that it was from no dislike of him or partiality to his brother that they had taken the oath of allegiance to John as next heir, but simply from unwillingness to receive a mere boy as their king, according to the Norman laws of succession, instead of exercising that proudest right of the Saxon people—the choice of their own monarch. The second coronation of Richard took place soon after at Winchester; not so much we should think “to wipe away the stain of his recent imprisonment” as to afford an opportunity to his vassals of publicly and solemnly renewing their homage. The remark that Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, was not present, owing “to a ridiculous squabble with the primate in regard to a cross,” is unworthy a historian. Things are ridiculous or important according to the worthlessness or value of what they represent. Now, this “squabble” was with respect to the processional cross which archbishops were always accustomed to have borne before them in their own province. It thus became the symbol of ecclesiastical rule; and no one who remembers what that was in those days, would be surprised that the “right of the cross” was bitterly contested and sternly maintained. It involved, indeed, no less a question than whether York or Canterbury should take precedence.

The stay of Cœur-de-Lion in England was very short. Scarcely six weeks elapsed ere he set sail for Normandy,—nor did he ever return again. The events of the last years of his life so far as regards his wars in France are, we really think, very unimportant; they exercised not only no abiding influence on England or France, but scarcely even a passing influence on either. It is far different in respect to the state of England during these five years. Many events took place here which led to the important results obtained in the following century. These, however, Mr. James has passed over, with the exception of the rising under Fitz-Osbert; and his account of this—an important portion of our municipal history—abounds with errors. The remark that “Fitz-Osbert was evidently a Norman patronymic” seems to be founded on the mistake that, because in the Norman pleadings he was thus called, therefore by that name he was known among his followers. Now, the first Lord Mayor of London is known by the name of Fitz-Ailwyn,—and yet no doubt that he was of Saxon race has ever existed: but in other documents Fitz-Ailwyn appears irrespectively as “*filius Ailwyni*” and “*Ailwynsune*.” It is a curious fact discovered by Sir Francis Palgrave, that Fitz-Osbert had accompanied Richard to Palestine,—and that his first appearance after his return was actually as the bringer of a charge of treason against his own brother. A notice of this man compiled from contemporary authorities would be an interesting addition to our municipal, indeed our legal, history.

It is very probable that John by his emissaries fomented the dissatisfaction which Richard’s heavy taxation and long absence from England

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were likely to excite, and that the warm feeling that welcomed Richard on his return in 1194 had greatly subsided. Still, we think it unlikely that John, although allegiance had been so willingly sworn to him, was ever a favourite with the people:—but the alternative was between a boy who had never set foot in England, young Arthur of Brittany, and him. The time, however, drew near when he was to obtain what for full seven years had been the object of his ceaseless intrigues and treasons.

It affords a striking proof of the "follow my leader" style in which English history has, until as yet yesterday, been written, that the most apocryphal passage in our history—the death of Cœur-de-Lion—has been given by one writer after another with the same minuteness of detail as if it had been an official bulletin. Now, if the reader turns to the masterly introduction to the 'Rolls of the King's Court,' he will be struck with the discrepancies—the irreconcilable discrepancies—which the statements of contemporary writers exhibit. That at the commencement of 1199 Richard had concluded a truce for five years with Philip Augustus, and that he might probably return to England, seems as much as can be known. That rumours as spring advanced were afloat respecting his death, we have the authority of contemporary writers to prove; and, viewed in connexion with the result, it seems very likely that these were deliberately put forth. According to Hoveden—whose account is generally followed, and which Mr. James adheres to—Richard, with a company of Brabançons under the command of Merchades—a Flemish mercenary then high in his favour—marched into the Limousin, and laid siege to the Castle of Chaluz. Hoveden asserts the object of this attack to have been the recovery of treasure which had been found there.

Ralph Coggeshall, also a contemporary, says nothing of the treasure,—but that the war was undertaken to punish the Viscount of Limoges, for his adhesion to the French King. Gervase of Canterbury, who professes to have received his information from a monk who was despatched on a mission to Richard and heard the news on his road, gives the name of the castle, Nantru,—a fortress not even in the Limousin, but in Angoulême. Rather later writers place the scene of his death in Normandy, and at Château-Gaillard. The name of the bowman who struck the fatal blow is varied according to the writers. Hoveden gives the name Bertram de Gourdon,—Dietico calls him Peter Basil,—and Gervase, John Sabraz. Now, such discrepant statements do not occur with respect to our other monarchs. William the Conqueror died in Normandy,—but in the particulars of his death all our chroniclers agree. His son Henry also died abroad, and so did Richard's father,—but the statements are clear and direct. In but one point here do the chroniclers agree,—and that is, that Richard was wounded in the shoulder with a cross-bow. This, we have no doubt, is correct; for the body was carried to Frontevraud and there seen by many of his friends and nobles. Whether that wound even caused the king's death is however uncertain; and from the minute statement of the before-mentioned Coggeshall, it seems probable that the wound, whether inflicted treacherously or in fair fight, would not have brought the gallant Lion-heart to his end. He says that the king, retiring into his lodging, drew out the wood, "but the iron, in length more than a hand-breadth, remained. Then, the king lying down, a certain surgeon of that wicked family of the most impious Merchades gashed (*sauciavit*) in a deep and deadly manner the king's body, nor was he able easily to find the iron which was embedded in the fat, nor without great violence to extract it." Now,

wherefore the allusion to the "most impious Merchades" unless the chronicler had suspected foul play? Plasters and other medicaments were applied, but, as might be expected, with no success,—and Richard daily grew worse. He appears to have been wounded on the 26th of March,—and he is said to have died on the 6th of April. Eleven days, therefore, intervened; but it does not appear that any of his friends or nobles were sent for,—and even after his death, although a rumour was circulated in London eleven days after (time enough for an official notice to have arrived) yet "more than three weeks from Richard's demise elapsed before the vacancy of the throne was authoritatively acknowledged." Meanwhile, John was not idle. He was in France, and as soon as he was informed of his brother's death he retained Merchades and the other mercenaries by large gifts, seized the castles and treasure, and caused himself to be girt with the sword of the duchy of Normandy at Rouen on the 25th of April—some days before the death of Richard was officially made known in England—(vide 'Rolls of the King's Court'). May we not, therefore, with the character of John before us, conclude that the death of his gallant brother, under whatever circumstances it really took place, was with his connivance—perhaps at his actual command? We have exceeded our limits,—but Cœur-de-Lion has always held high place in the popular mind. His reign, too, involves an important period of our own history:—for the progress of public opinion and popular freedom, so marked in the events of the next reign, was certainly greatly aided by the contests and struggles of this.

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SICKNESS IN SPRING.

O Nature! lately held like princess charmed,—
 (That Sleeping Beauty hid by fairy malice,
 Deep tranced and death-like in enchanted palace,
 Until the appointed time the spell disarmed),—
 There was not one but many a lover noting
 Thy snowy lids unveil thy violet eyes;
 But I, who have with thee such sympathies,
 I might not feel thy breath in April floating
 About my forehead and my cheeks and lips!—
 Round my hushed place to me, when thou didst wake,
 I heard thee call, but could not answer make.—
 Thy stirring was like sunrise in eclipse.
 Thy sweetness flattered Death from where I lay:—
 And issuing, on my threshold I found MAY.

M. R.

THE PROBABLE CAUSES IN OPERATION TO PRODUCE PESTILENTIAL CHOLERA.

Aug. 28.

ALTHOUGH it would be idle to assert that anything approaching to even a remote acquaintance with the causes which are in operation to produce the terrible disease that is moving across the earth, spreading

mourning in its path, has been arrived at,—it does appear that the scientific investigations which have within a few years been made upon the chemical and physical states of the atmosphere are such as really indicate the direction in which we may look with some hope of finally arriving at a solution of this important problem. In the conviction that it is only by a widely-extended system of close observations that we can come at the truth,—and that our hope of dealing successfully with the disease depends of course on our knowledge of the causes producing it,—I seek a small portion of space in the pages of the *Athenæum* to submit my views, and the facts on which they are founded, to the consideration of scientific observers and medical men.

If we study the progress of the disease, it becomes apparent that, taking its rise in the East, it has proceeded with some considerable degree of regularity towards the West. There are certain irregular passages—jumps both in time and space—which do not admit of explanation at present; but the course has been sufficiently marked to cause the Cholera in its Asiatic form to be regarded as mainly dependent upon some atmospheric conditions. In all cities which have been visited by the disease, although isolated cases have presented themselves in the most salubrious parts, yet it has ever been most fatal in those localities where the atmosphere has become charged with organic matter arising from the accumulation and decomposition of animal and vegetable substances.

Our experience proves to us that there are no more insidious or more rapidly fatal poisons than those which organic chemistry has discovered: and of many of the most virulent the exact composition is yet unknown. Of the numerous chemical changes which take place during the passage of decomposing organic matter, under constantly varying conditions of light, heat, atmospheric pressure, &c., we know little. May we not, therefore, infer that malignant Cholera is produced by a subtle organic poison formed under some peculiar atmospheric laws?—The probability of this being admitted,—we have to examine the prevailing conditions observed in any physical phenomena during the reign of the epidemic.

We have heard that at St. Petersburg magnets lost their power,—and that in Paris electrical machines would not give out sparks—during the ascendancy of Cholera in those cities. Statements of this nature have but little scientific value. However, that they have resulted from some remarkable phenomena of the kind described is probable; since M. Quetelet has proved by careful observation that the electrical intensity of the atmosphere has been during the whole year about one-half of that observed in former years,—that it has been regularly diminishing since January up to a certain period,—and that it has appeared for some time stationary. M. Louyet has observed the same anomalous condition by means of his electrical machine in the interior of his house. (*Bulletin de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de Belgique*. No. 7. Tome XVI.) These results obtained by competent observers demand our serious attention. We must not, however, satisfy ourselves by referring the disease at once to Electrical agency:—but endeavour to discover in what manner, or through what chain of effects, the malignant action is set up in the animal economy.

To Professor Schönbein is due the merit of having discovered the existence, in ever variable quantities, in the atmosphere of a peculiar agent of a most remarkable character, to which he gave the name of *Ozone*: which appears to be—although its composition has not been accurately determined—a peculiar volatile compound of oxygen and hydrogen. A similar compound—perhaps the same in a liquid state—the *peroxide of hydrogen* or oxygenated water, has engaged the attention of Thénard, Pérouze, Berzelius, and several other eminent chemists. By these investigators it has been proved that this substance possesses more remarkable oxidizing powers than any other compound yet discovered. Its volatile state alone must, however, engage attention. *Ozone* is constantly produced in the atmosphere under every circumstance which determines either electrical or chemical changes; and its amount appears to vary in an exact ratio with the electrical intensity. We

may produce it in a room by exciting an ordinary electrical machine,—when it is detected by its very peculiar smell; we obtain it during the decomposition of water by the voltaic battery in combination with the liberated oxygen; and Schönbein has proved that ozone is formed in every process of combustion.

The use of this agent in the atmosphere will, I think, be obvious after a very brief consideration of the conditions which prevail during the mutations of organized bodies. All living animals and vegetables are constantly throwing off from their bodies organic matter in a condition the most fitted for recombination with the chemical elements of the air. The gaseous exhalations from all dead matter are also constantly combined with organic particles in a state of extreme division.—(On this subject Dr. Smith's paper on the Air and Water of Towns—British Association Report for 1848—may be consulted with advantage). Thus, the atmosphere is constantly receiving exhalations from the earth and its inhabitants which, without a provision for their removal, would speedily become far more injurious to all forms of life than carbonic acid:—though to that alone we have been in the habit of too commonly attributing atmospheric deterioration. Referring to those pestilential exhalations which were regarded as the cause of the jail-fever of his time—and to which we may trace Plague, Typhus fever and Cholera.—Bacon in his *Sylva Sylvarum* says truly—"Out of question such smells consist of man's flesh and sweat putrified:"—and the destructive nature of such a poison is too frequently proved to us by the apparently trifling accidents of the dissecting-room terminating rapidly in the most fatal results.

Ozone combines with and changes in the most rapid manner all animal matters, except albumen in its fresh state. I am therefore disposed to consider it as the great natural agent employed to convert all those deleterious exhalations which the air receives into innocuous matter. An atmosphere artificially charged with ozone immediately deprives the most putrid solid or fluid bodies of all disagreeable smell,—and sulphuretted hydrogen is instantly decomposed by it. In fact, its action upon organic matter is far more energetic than that of chlorine:—and indeed the bleaching and disinfecting property attributed to chlorine appears to be due to the formation of the per-oxide of hydrogen by that agent from the water present.

It has been proved that the electrical intensity of the atmosphere has during the year been diminished in a remarkable manner. As this is the great cause, ever active, in producing ozone, we might *a priori* infer a relatively diminished quantity of this chemical agent:—and experiment has proved that during the last three months an appreciable quantity of ozone could not be detected by the ordinary methods in the air of London. It may be satisfactory to state, that its presence is rendered evident by its action upon a mixture of iodide of potassium and white starch:—iodine is liberated by the action of ozone, and the formation of coloured iodide of starch indicates its presence.

Certain it is, that we have for several months had to endure an atmosphere of low electrical intensity, deficient in ozone,—an agent which would remove, or alter, pestilential miasma. Vegetation has exhibited—and is now exhibiting—peculiar abnormal conditions dependent upon solar influences of which we are absolutely ignorant; consequently, the atmosphere has been receiving an excess of organic poison from the thousand and one sources which the congregation of masses of men in towns gives rise to,—and has remained unchanged to do its work of destruction upon humanity.

In the history of the progress of this pestilence, two remarkable instances present themselves to our notice. Birmingham and Berlin have remained free from the scourge, while all cities and towns around them have been visited by it.—Are the metallic manufactures of these towns active in producing this disinfecting agent, ozone?

The question naturally arises:—have we any power by which we can restore to the air this principle which it requires? All human means are necessarily weak:—and the inflictions of Providence must be endured with fortitude. At the same time, the powers of reason which are given to man for his guidance should be exerted to ameliorate the evil

that we cannot control. Our first study is to remove every source of decomposition as rapidly as possible from the precincts of our dwellings:—our next to watch ourselves, and by preserving an active condition of mind and body, fortify the system against the malign influences which surround us. Subsidiary to these means,—since we know that ozone is formed in the process of combustion, and that large fires have proved again and again effectual in stopping the progress of the plague, &c.,—bonfires, heavy discharges of artillery, and the like agents might be tried in the worst districts. Lastly,—with all deference to the opinions of the medical world, with which I have ceased for many years to be connected,—I would suggest the propriety of trying *oxygenated water* as a remedial agent in Asiatic Cholera.

Each time that the cholera has disappeared from amongst us, it has been rapidly followed by influenza. At the meeting of the British Association at Swansea, Dr. Moffatt communicated the remarkable fact,—that the prevalence of influenza and the spread of catarrhal affections were invariably connected with an excess of ozone in the atmosphere, and a great number of altered test-papers were brought forward in proof of his statement.

The subject demands attentive inquiry:—and since it is a question which can be answered only by simultaneous observations over a wide area, I would venture to suggest the propriety of its forming a topic of investigation for a committee of the British Association.

I am, &c. ROBERT HUNT.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Azpetia, June 12.

SOME time since I sent you an account of my pilgrimage to the birthplace and residence of Boccaccio. To-day I am going to tell you of my visit to the home of a spirit as different and antipathetic to his as it is possible perhaps for that of any human being to be;—one who has filled earth with his name certainly no less than the kindly Florentine, and whose influence on the world has been,—at least to the outward eye and to the ordinary observer of the course of human affairs,—incalculably greater. Near the village of Azpetia, on the bank of the clear and picturesque Urra, among the wooded hills and green valleys of Guipuzcoa, in the year 1491 was born Ignazio de Loyola. Being as we were at St. Sebastian within a few leagues of such a spot, we could not be content to turn our backs upon it. So we determined on making a little tour of three or four days' duration through the mountainous sub-Pyrenean province of Guipuzcoa, comprising the greater part of its bold and deeply indented coast,—getting a peep at some of its pretty valleys and trout streams,—and especially paying a visit to Loyola. Despite predictions of various obstacles in the way of difficult roads and scant comforts, we have accomplished our trip thus far sufficiently prosperously to justify me in recommending all who make the common excursion from Bayonne to St. Sebastian to add thereto a similar supplement: making, however, one variation from the route which we followed,—an improvement which I will indicate presently.

In starting from St. Sebastian the first difficulty that presented itself was the impossibility of procuring a side-saddle for my wife. There was nothing for it but to ride after the fashion of the women of the country,—seated high aloft, that is, on a large cushion placed on the top of the baggage, which is packed on an enormously high pack-saddle. The seat thus arranged is not an uneasy one. The feet hang down over the horse's neck; and as long as the lofty throne thus reared maintains its due position, there is little possibility of the rider falling from it. It is rather nervous work, however, for a beginner; especially over paths so steep and rugged as to be called by the peasants "escaleras de piedra"—stone staircases. For my own part, I preferred walking; although eight Spanish leagues—some five and twenty miles—under a Spanish sun in June and over those same "escaleras" is no slight day's work. So, at 4 A.M. we sallied forth from the gates of St. Sebastian: our guide Santiago—an old fellow of sixty-five, as active as a boy, who told us a good deal of his having acted as muleteer to General Evans—leading our stout nag by a long cord, and I keeping an eye on the towering fabric on his back which swayed I thought rather ominously.

Our quarters for the first night were to be at Deva—or Deva; for most of the names in which a *h* or *o* occur are written either way, and pronounced by a sound something between the two. This is a little seaport town on the Bay of Biscay,—not far from the boundary line of the two provinces Guipuzcoa and Vizcaya. Shortly after leaving the town the "escaleras" begin; and pretty nearly the whole day's journey is a succession of more or less steep climbing up and down. The country is pretty, but not deserving of any higher term of commendation. Oak, beech, ilex and chestnut combined give to some of the valleys a character of rich sylvan scenery which in its way can hardly be surpassed. Old Santiago was eager to point out to us that when the Castilles were all white or brown Guipuzcoa was still as green as ever.

Our route took us through three or four little hill towns,—queer isolated habitations, in a state of most picturesque dilapidation, made up of the strangest medley of beggary and ruin mixed side by side with the remains of former magnificence. Ricketty, tumble-down houses crammed with human beings stood in narrow steep streets, leaning here and there against the stalwart stone carcass of some fine mansion of an older day empty of everything save the ivy bushes and the owls,—yet still asserting probably its beggared aristocracy by a huge and elaborately carved stone scutcheon on its doorless and windowless facade. The number of buildings in this condition—the admirably solid masonry of the walls looking as good as new, yet wholly abandoned and gutted—which we have seen in the course of our short Spanish travels, furnishes a striking commentary on the recent history of Spain.

At one of these little towns on the coast, and therefore somewhat less inaccessible than others, we stopped to dine and to rest during the hours of mid-day heat. Here our patriotic guide, piqued by our observations on the abundance of ruins, insisted on showing me the interior of an inhabited gentleman's mansion. Despite my remonstrances against being guilty of what appeared to me a piece of impertinence, he would send a message to the lady of the house to ask leave to see it. An exceedingly respectable looking butler presently made his appearance, and revenged himself on our indiscretion, if indeed he deemed it such, by most pertinaciously insisting on walking me through every room in the building,—literally upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber. The chased chateleine man, I fear, have taken refuge in the cellar, for I did not see her:—or anything else the least remarkable, except a glazed and framed list of "Indulgencias particulares" granted specially by different Popes to the members of the noble family to whom the mansion belonged. This was hung up in the little chapel. The most remarkable items which I can remember were, that the Marquesses of — might always eat as much meat as they liked when meaner mortals are bound to fast,—that the Marcheses might at any time enter the convents of St. Clair with four female friends,—and that the members of the family might be absolved by their own ordinary confessor from all the special sins reserved for episcopal consideration, except heresy.

We reached the little town of Deva, prettily situated amid wooded hills at the mouth of a river of the same name, tired enough and eager for the creature-comforts of bed and board. But grievous was the disappointment which awaited us, especially as to the first of these requirements.—The improvement on our *projet de voyage*, which I promised to suggest for the benefit of my successors, is, that they should avoid the discomforts of a night at Deva, by getting to Cestona—our second night's quarters—the first night. There is a path across the hills by which this might be accomplished without lengthening the day's journey,—and, though Deva is pretty, its church a fine one, and its small cloister one of the most elegant little *bijoux* conceivable, it has not enough to repay an extra day of fatigue and a night of discomfort. But, that the reader may understand what kind and amount of discomfort is to be feared in a Spanish village inn, it is needful to specify more accurately that the sheets were clean and dry, and the room, by sleeping with the window open, sufficiently airy. The mattresses also were tolerably clean. The rest of the bed-clothes, however, and still more the bedsteads and the close dark

holes in which they were stowed away, were dreadful. We contented ourselves, therefore, with mattresses and sheets;—and having lugged these out into the centre of the floor, carefully away from all contact with wainscot or walls, we passed the night undisturbed by visitors of any kind. As for the supper, it would not have satisfied a patron of Soyer's or even a frequenter of Dolly's;—but I sat down hungry, and none satisfied and undisturbed. In fact, I have not met, in my hitherto limited experience of Spanish eating, with any of those horrors of which I had heard so much. The preparations of food are certainly wholly unlike any that meet one elsewhere; and it is possible that a tolerably Ulyssean acquaintance with the dishes and sauces of many cooks may have taught me to be more tolerantly omnivorous than the generality of my countrymen. But certainly, when I compared my experiences of sundry Bloomsbury cruetes with the flavour of fresh Spanish oil, such even as the poor pot-house at Deva afforded, I could not but suppose that many of those who complain so loudly of the *rancid* horrors of the Spanish cuisine have no just notion of the meaning of *rancidity*. The Spanish oil is not so good nor so well made as that of France or Italy it is true; but the peculiar taste which those who like it not may not take perhaps for rancidity is the flavour of the olive.

At the same time, it is fair to add, that many persons have assured me that Navarre and the three Basque provinces—Guipuzcoa, Alava, and Vizcaya—present a far too favourable specimen of Spain to serve as a sample of the entire country. These privileged provinces are, it is stated, far more civilized than the rest of the Peninsula; and from what I have heard and seen of them I should conceive that the race inhabiting them is endowed with a much larger share of the qualities which constitute the elements of civilization. I may state also here, that I am much persuaded, from all I was able to gather by talking to people of various classes, that these provinces rebelled and fought so long and well not so much for love of this or that prince or dynasty as for the maintenance of their own very important privileges,—privileges not merely political, as many fancy, but such as come home at once to every man's own hearth and pocket; as, for example, a free trade in salt and tobacco, which brings them to the consumer at less than a fifth of the cost which the rest of Spain pays for them, and immunity from the detested conscription.

The day following our arrival at Deva was Sunday;—and we found it absolutely necessary, if we would avoid rendering ourselves objects of disagreeable attention and animadversion, to go to mass. Our old landlord absolutely drummed us out of the house at the hour of high mass. The Spanish women all squat upon the pavement during the service; and almost every one has one or two lighted tapers on the floor before her. Most had huge rolls of yellow wax taper wound round carved wooden frames about the size of a sheet of foolscap paper. Every one who had recently lost a relative had also a black cloth, as big as a hearth-rug, spread before them, with their tapers upon it. Most of them had also a sort of pasteboard screen, about a foot high, to protect their tapers from the wind. The general effect produced by the entire floor of the church occupied with dark squatting figures, covered with black veils and mantillas, and intermingled with the apparatus described—was something stranger than can well be conceived. Having once undertaken the adventure, we were of course obliged to go through with it *en rigle*; and my wife accordingly, duly decked with a long black veil in lieu of a bonnet, had to squat with the other women. My part was easier; as the men sit about on benches in the side chapels, &c., and seem to pay little or no attention to the service beyond bending the knee at the moment of the elevation of the Host.

In the afternoon we proceeded, travelling as before, to the baths of Cestona, through a pretty country of wooded hills and green sheltered valleys. Within a mile or so of the village of Cestona we passed the extremely picturesque forge and foundry of Iraeta, situated on the pretty Urula. The civil and hospitable gentleman who manages the works told us, in very good English, that the metal produced was some of the best in the world, but at a cost fully 50 per cent. higher than that of English

iron. The foremen of the works were all English. They told us we were the first countrymen they had seen for the last fifteen months.

The ferruginous baths of Cestona are much frequented by the Spanish; and there is accommodation for about one hundred and forty persons. None had yet arrived there when we reached the place; but we found everything ready, and the accommodations, though simple, perfectly clean, good, and comfortable. The visitors are divided into three classes,—for the first of which the charge, everything included, is five francs a day. The whole establishment is the property of a very rich "*marques*" in the neighbourhood. And very rich he may well be,—for, moderate as is the charge for living, he sells his ferruginous hot spring at the enormous price of two francs a bath.

It is an easy morning ride or walk from Cestona to Azpeitia, along the sweet banks of the Urula. The Convent and Church of San Ignacio—the grand objects of our excursion—are situated in the rich alluvial vale of Loyola, about a mile or more beyond the town. The visitor may bespeak his bed at the comfortable *parador* at Azpeitia as he passes through to the convent, and return thither in the cool of the evening. From Azpeitia, an interesting little town with several Moorish-looking old houses, once highly ornamented though now dilapidated—tit-bits invaluable to Proutists—there is a diligence every day to Tolosa, a wholly uninteresting town on the great Madrid road; and thence to St. Sebastian and Bayonne.

On nearing the convent, the visitor sees only the dome and really very fine and grandiose Corinthian portico of the church, with its grand flights of steps, and on either side the enormous walls of the vast monastery,—an immense mass of building already partly ruinous. But inside the better preserved portion of this structure the old family mansion of the house of Loyola is contained in its original condition. It is of brick, and is said to be of great antiquity. The marble walls of the monastery—built, as is the church, from the quarries in the neighbouring hill of Izarraitz—were raised around it without touching it; and thus incase it as a "*Holy of Holies*." The interior of the church is handsome, and most elaborately and sparingly ornamented with inlaid marble-work and carving. The dome, instead of painting, is enriched with eight enormous carved escutcheons, with the *Saint's arms*, the royal arms, &c. All this, as well as the endless succession of stalls, cloisters, courts, corridors, staircases, throughout the huge monastery must be seen,—for the old asceticism who shows the abandoned pile will not let you off an atom of it. But the real sight of interest, which he knowingly keeps to the last, is the room at the top of the old house in which Ignacio was born, and in which he lay wounded on his return from the siege of Pampluna. It is a long very low room, now turned into a strange but richly adorned chapel,—to be entered only with bated breath and every outward mark of the extremest reverence. After a profusion of genuflexions and crossings at the threshold, our conductor stepped up to the altar, and lighted two candles on each side of a gilt and painted image of the saint. Then, he, old Santiago, and two or three others, who had taken the opportunity of visiting the shrine, fell on their knees and remained silent for some minutes. We judged it judicious to do the same. This ceremony performed, we were at liberty to look about us. The ceiling of the room has been profusely ornamented with carving, gilding, and painting. The huge old beams, which project so far below the low ceiling as to leave barely room to pass under them, have been incased in richly gilt carved work. But with these exceptions, and that of the erection of the altar at one end of the room, with the tester of the Saint's whilom bed for its canopy, the apartment remains unchanged.

Wearily must have passed the hours of pain in that low-browed chamber under the hot roof, as the wounded knight lay thinking that breaking limbs and cutting throats furnished after all but coarse, vulgar and little potent means of ruling men. More wearily still must each long mile of the then almost trackless way from far Pampluna in neighbouring Navarre have been traversed, each step a pang, as the mangled and helpless man was borne among the greenwood over the hill side, up each precipitous as-

cent and across each stony ford, till he reached his native valley; where at least the well-known chamber in the tall old ancestral mansion turns its windows towards the neighbouring ocean, and receives the earliest evening breeze of freshness from the bay. But suffering is a great teacher, and fever a puissant kindler of the brain. Together they did their work on that imagination of fire and will of iron—with the result which we know.

The well-nigh total downfall of his order and its ill repute have in no wise damped the zealous ardour of the Saint's votaries in his native valley. Either he is no prophet,—or he is an exception to the rule that no man is a prophet in his own country. His image is supposed to be capable of working all sorts of wonders. T.A.T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

THE Peace Congress is not fortunate in its choice of a platform from which to deliver its new gospel. When it met last year, there was much fear in Europe—no actual war. Its texts then lay in the volume of past history. The Congress met in Brussels—and missed Waterloo! The voice which then summoned the nations to a sense of the wickedness of war would have come with ten-fold force from the mound which overlooks the fatal field beneath whose turf "*an empire's dust*" is laid. A sort of picturesque and moral grandeur would have been acquired to the new crusade by the fact of its starting from this high place of the ancient idolatry. But the opportunity of preaching against the scourge of all times from the burial-place of the victims was, as we have said, missed. The second choice of the Peace Congress is yet less fortunate. Now there is war—war of the foulest kind which has been waged for three quarters of a century. Never have the modern apostles of peace had such texts to cite—cases so strong in favour of their doctrines furnished to their hands, as the last few months have afforded. But the Congress chose to meet in Paris,—and of course could not preach up to its texts. Nay, the texts themselves were prescribed. It is not from the pulpit of a capital—the only one in Western Europe—where free-thought and free-speech are chained, that the grand doctrines of moral regeneration can be boldly proclaimed. The French Minister of the Interior told the missionaries of Peace that they might meet and talk for the amusement of the Parisians, but that no allusion to present events would be allowed! Why, present events are a striking part of their great argument. The missionaries were received on condition that they should not deliver their mission. The ambassadors of Peace had audience on the terms of suppressing an important part of their despatches. They were at liberty to come in the *name* of their cause, if they would refrain from stating it. The answer to M. Dufaure's conditions should have been an immediate removal of the session across the French frontier. London, the Hague, Berlin, Frankfurt,—any of the great cities of the West—would have supplied an arena free from the gag of Paris.—Notwithstanding its drawbacks, however, the session was not devoid of interest. It excited more attention and commanded more respect in Paris than might have been expected. We speak not of the flatteries of the various ministers who happened to be in the capital at the time: for these appear to have gone to the limits of puerility. Was it in contempt or merely in simplicity of heart, that the Minister of France offered to show the wonders of the royal palace of Versailles to the Members of the Congress—and even to set the fountains playing for their amusement? Was the little *fête* got up to tone for the presence of the *gens d'armes* at the morning sitting? Were grave men, assembled to teach the world great thoughts—to deliver the lesson of ages—some of whom had borne their burthen across the Atlantic, feeling that the day has come when as an intervention to the spread of truth "*there shall be no more sea*"—were a body of men thus accredited, and thus informed, to be diverted by toys like these? Then—the glories of Versailles are many of them of a kind not to be offered to the admiration of a Peace apostle. Did the minister intend a sarcasm? It must be owned that some of the speakers at this Congress laid themselves open to such an administration.—The true good that has come of this meeting is in the shape

of the increased importance with which the press has been induced to regard the Peace question. But even this result is not what it might have been had the speakers been less haunted by the spectre of the Prefect's agents. The Congress throughout was wanting in energy—in decision—in apparent conviction. Speeches were plentiful as blackberries,—in English, in French, in American, and in curious compounds of all three: but the thorough out-speaking to which the Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic are accustomed was wanting. The subject was treated in every way save that in which it is most interesting—that in which it comes home most immediately to men of this generation. The French are in Rome—the Cossack is in Pesh; and of course any body of men meeting in Paris in the name of peace and goodwill to all nations must needs be denied the privilege of "making any allusion to present political events!" The French Ministry, which has gaged its own press, could not suffer a body of foreign enthusiasts to set up a truth-speaking conclave in the very heart of Paris. All this might have been foreseen. The *tour de grace*—which we did not foresee—was the playfulness with which permission to look at the gilded *salons* of Louis Quatorze and the jets of water in his garden was offered to the members of the Congress in lieu of the freedom to utter the oracles within them. The Peace apostles came to Paris on a mission to chain the gorged eagles—and the keepers adroitly started them on a chase after butterflies!

It was announced when the distribution of prizes was made by his Royal Highness Prince Albert at the Society of Arts in June last, that the Society hoped to be enabled to organize a great national Exhibition of manufactures in 1851. It is now stated, that since that time his Royal Highness, as President of the Society, has been actively engaged in devising a plan of an Exhibition which shall worthily represent the present manufacturing position of this country. "We hear," says a contemporary, "that it is contemplated that, for the first time in the annals of similar institutions, this exposition shall be not national only, but as far as possible universal, embracing the products, machinery, and manufactures of our own country, our colonies, and all nations. It is proposed to give large money prizes and medals, which shall be awarded by a tribunal so elevated above all the interests of competition as to inspire the utmost confidence. The whole undertaking is in some way to have a national sanction given to it, but the taxation of the country is not to be called upon to provide the funds."

A correspondent writes as follows.—“It is not often that Parliamentary papers afford much information to the public; and I am therefore always well pleased when I find a Blue-Book of the Session containing intelligence and matter of an enduring description. The appendix to the Annual Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records has hitherto contained so many useful printed calendars, &c., of names, documents, and other information connected with the contents of those not very accessible heaps, our public Records,—that I have been accustomed, in common with others, to receive the several Reports as valuable contributions to our store of catalogues. But these useful appendices have just been put a stop to;—not by any unwillingness to continue them on the part of the Record Commissioners, but on a representation from the Comptroller of the Stationery Office that they cost a good deal of money. I confess should hardly have expected that a blow to antiquarian, literary, and genealogic research like this should have been given by Mr. McCulloch—himself a literary man. The saving is small—the consequent injury important.”

We are not uninterested spectators of the growing "power of pence" in these days of development. We have had penny omnibuses—penny steamboats—penny railway passages—penny pews—penny papers, for some time past. Now, we are to have penny banks. "Take care of your pennies," says the wise old adage, "the pounds will take care of themselves." We confess that we have faith in the habit of saving—even in circumstances where it can be done only on the smallest scale. We have seen a very handsome People's Temperance Hall built

out of a penny subscription, with the motto cut in stone—

Wise pennies bought it—
Who would have thought it!

The idea of the penny bank originated with a "canny Scot,"—and has been on trial in Greenock for several months. It is open every evening for the receipt of the smallest sums. Out of a population of 40,000 persons, not less than 5,000 have made deposits amounting to about 1,100*l.*—an average of nearly 4*s.* 6*d.* each! As will be readily understood, these depositors belong to a class which has never aspired to the thought of an ordinary Savings Bank, with its comparatively speaking high scale of deposits. Consider the advantage of having converted the eighth part of an entire town population to the habit of self-denial and frugality—of having given to so many persons a stake in the country—a stake not small to them—and it will not be possible to look upon the result as otherwise than important. We believe the system to have been already introduced into several towns of the North of England. Why does not London follow the example? Such a mode of helping the working classes is worth a thousand of those charities which do not contemplate the fostering of habits of *self-help* as their end and aim. How many moralities of the utmost value to the well-being of a community grow up from the seed of economic forethought sown in the breast of a people!

The people of the Potteries are bestirring themselves about a public pleasure-ground, which they have found out at length that they stand in need of. We look on all such movements with interest :—yet cannot say that we have been greatly edified by the spirit in which this one has been promoted by the oracles of Stoke. The chief bailiff of the town, who presided on the occasion, stated, as one of his strong reasons for advocating the purchase of a piece of ground with this view, that if the object sought for were attained a stop would be put to the mania for cheap railway trips which now lead the people to spend their money away from home ! The whole association of licensed victuallers could hardly have hit upon a happier thought. The Mayor of Stoke certainly does not understand the genius of the “People’s Park” movement. Another worthy conglutinated Stoke upon being the first town to move in such a matter as parks for the people ! They are busy men at the Potteries. The town of Stoke can see nothing apparently beyond its own great figure. The doings at Glasgow, Leeds, Manchester, Birkenhead, and many other places, are unknown at Stoke. The restoration of the Dryads was conceived at the Potteries—where it is well known that pastoral traditions have been immemorially preserved by means of tea-cups. No doubt, however, there are behind this movement wiser heads than those whose wisdom we have quoted—and at any rate there are involved in it the health and enjoyment and moral good of the toiling man. So, since a doubt was expressed on the point raised, we may say that we believe Government *has* the power to make grants in aid of such projects as the one before us, where it sees it fit and politic to do so.

The turn which affairs have taken in relation to the Blackburn Grammar School and its unconfirming head master, strongly confirms the policy of following the advice which we have given on all occasions when the interests of any of the old educational foundations of the country have been in question. Formerly there were eighty boys on this Blackburn foundation, instructed by three masters, besides the head master; of late there have been only two pupils—and those the sons of the head master—and no teachers at all. These are the facts,—which we have before referred to. The local papers brought the abuse to light,—and a committee was appointed to investigate the case. This committee, we believe, communicated with the reverend holder of the trust complained of, with a view to a friendly arrangement; but being met in a spirit of uncompromising hostility, they took counsel's opinion as to whether the governors had power to remove him from his office. This appearing doubtful,—and as the expenses of obtaining a legal decision would have been great,—the committee reported their opinion to a meeting of governors; who, thereupon, resolved to appoint a second master to teach grammar, writing

and arithmetic,—to retain funds for this purpose,—and to defend the issues should Mr. Bennet think proper to appeal to the law. So stands the matter at present—thus much local agitation has achieved. But this result is very far from being satisfactory. What is one master where there should be—and were until recently—three? Suppose the additional assistance shall enable the school to take in thirty scholars;—there were formerly eighty! These local efforts have been useful in exposing the abuse, in clearing the way—and we shall be glad to see the example of Blackburn followed extensively and at once. But a more powerful intervention is needed to complete the work. There are 2,400 of these endowments in various parts of the country; and Parliament must sooner or later step in with a general measure for their regulation. The amount of income derived from these endowments is not accurately known: but it must be large,—and if properly administered would go a long way towards supplying that education which is now so much required. Can none of the advocates of National Education in the House get up an interest in this important branch of the question? If we are not misinformed, one of the county members for Lancashire has a motion in hand for next session on the Universities:—what should prevent the grammar schools from being included in the same inquiry? If a number of other towns should feel inclined at once to follow the example set by Blackburn, Bedford, and Manchester,—that is, to moot the question at home, to ferret out all information which can be obtained and make it public.—Government itself would soon be constrained to take the initiative in case no voluntary champion can be found to urge it on.

We mentioned last week, for the information of any whom, if true, it might concern, a communication which had been made to us respecting a destructive method adopted for cleaning the public records kept at the Chapter House, Westminster,—but stated that the communication was anonymous. We have now received a letter from Mr. Joseph Burt, dating from the Chapter House, in which he gives his official confirmation to the facts,—but seems to think the process a wholesome one. “It is well known,” says he, “though evidently not to your correspondent, that the Chapter House contains an immense number of documents which have never been removed or examined since they were first packed in the building, perhaps two hundred years ago. On performing the operations which have only very lately been commenced upon these documents for the purpose of rendering them accessible to the public, it is found that very many are much decayed, and apparently were so on their first deposit in the office. Of these *every care is taken*, but it is quite impossible to prevent some particles of this decayed matter getting mixed with the documents which are sound.” “I can assure you,” however says Mr. Burt, “that no injury whatever is done to the public records by the manner in which they are cleaned at the Chapter House.” Now, on Mr. Burt’s own showing, we think our former correspondent’s logic is better than his. Mr. Burt says that “the fragments seen by our informant are not *caused* by the operations performed: and this, to a certain extent, is begging the question,—because we think it is scarcely possible to subject a set of decayed and crumbling papers to a process more likely than the one in question to *cause* an addition to the previous fragments. As our informant is now generally authenticated, perhaps we may venture on his particular: and he says that on the occasion of his second visit, “the pieces were so numerous, that they collected most of them—but not all—and crammed them into a separate basket.” Our informant picked up several pieces himself, after the executors had done their work.—Mr. Burt is verbally critical,—and objects to the word “dashing” as describing the action of these parties. Since Mr. Burt admits the facts, we will not quarrel with him for a phrase. He may have his choice of any word—such as beating, striking, knocking, &c.—in the whole vocabulary that shall express a process equal to the effect produced. Mr. Burt, like Mr. Black, is angry:—and really these Keepers of the National Records seem to fancy they enjoy some prescription which gives them the right to resist any inquisition into their proceedings such as is applied to all other classes

is purpose. Has the keeping of these old records thrown dust into their eyes till they cannot see the rights about them? Has their consorting with the past made them overlook the spirit of the present times? The doctrine of irresponsibility is, in the contents of the documents which they regard, dead, save as an historical record. These are the days when the Press will look in upon the doings of public officers—even within the shadow of the Cloisters.

PANORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the VALLEY of ROSENLAU, Bernese Oberland, with the interior of a Storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at FLORENCE, with all the gradations of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Machine Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in the Picture. Open from Ten till Six.

THE NILE.—NOW OPEN, Afternoon at Three, Evenings at Eight, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a new and splendid PAORAMA of the NILE, exhibiting the whole of the stupendous Works of Antiquity now remaining on its banks, between CAIRO, the capital of EGYPT, and the Second Cataract, NUBIA. Painted by Henry Warren, James Fahy, and Joseph Bonomi, from Studies by the latter, made during a residence of many years in Egypt.—Stalls, 2s.; 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. 6d. The Socy Egyptian Society will hold a Meeting on THURSDAY at 7 o'clock. In consequence, the Panorama will be closed to the public on THAT EVENING.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—First Series of RESOLVING VIEWS illustrating ROME, with a Description of the most interesting points connected with the subject. LECTURES on CHEMISTRY, by Mr. J. M. Ashley, at Half-past Three, and every Evening, except Saturday, at Half-past Six. LECTURE, by Dr. Bachhofer, on MASTERS' STENT PROCESS OF FREEZING DESSERT ICES, making Creamed Waters, &c.—Exhibition of the CHIMATROPE.—The LATEST INVENTIONS OF THE DIVING BELLOWS.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Sept. Horticultural, 3.
Zoo. Zoological, 3.—General Business.
Botanical, 8.

FINE ARTS

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. By John Ruskin, Esq. With Illustrations drawn and etched by the Author. Smith, Elder & Co.

It is not carrying the reader's fancy back to too early a condition of civilization, let us request him to imagine himself journeying up hill on the outside of a four-horse coach for the space of some two or three hours. During the whole of that time he will doubtless observe from one moment to another heaps of stone by the road-side, picturesque trees and hedgerows, distant hills, teeming fields and flourishing farm-houses:—and will make involuntary notes in his memory of the character of each specific object. As (still pursuing his upward journey) he quits the open country and enters on forest scenery, he will find his first impressions diminishing in clearness and a fresh succession of objects occupying the foreground. New interests will arise:—and in proportion to their intensity will supervene his oblivion of all foregoing conclusions. Thus he will travel on through a series of dissolving views—changing in rapid frequency from "grave to gay, from lively to severe"; and in all his endeavours to "catch ere she flies the Cynthia of the minute" he will flutter on the traces of an *ignis fatuus* constantly eluding his grasp. From time to time as he mounts each successive acclivity, he will get a peep back upon the objects he has passed; and while he indulges in this partial retrospect, his old impressions will revive:—and he will learn the forms assumed by positive objects under varying circumstances of atmosphere and distance. These partial generalizations will, however, lose their interest and "pale their ineffable fires" before the paramount attraction of the peep from the next corner of the road onward. But as it mounts higher and higher, these more lofty and comprehensive views will intrude themselves more constantly—the great features of the country passed will frequently return—the same mountains, the same forest track, the same winding river, will demand and obtain admiration:—and the heaps of stone, picturesque trees and hedgerows, teeming fields and farmsteads, will sink into the just proportions of their scale of abstract interest. Let the summit of the hill be gained:—and how the landscape opens! What eye or mind can dwell on the trifles by the wayside when hills, valleys, plains, mountains are stretching far beneath,—when the shining line of the future course to be pursued is revealed stealing from point to point until either lost in distance or arriving at the great ultimatum of

the journey? From the moment of this change all stands out plain and clear. No more seemingly objectless wandering from angle to angle—no more waste of thought on variable symptoms revealing random or inaccurate ideas of the nature of the country. One glance forward tells more of the great conditions of the landscape than a hundred back.

But in the traveller's exultation at what may almost be deemed his renewed existence, let him never forget the obligations he owes to his probationary up-hill toil. If he had not noted the heaps of stone, dwelt with pleased fancy on the trees and hedgerows, fields, and farmsteads of the earlier portion of his course—what could he predicate of the distant expanse spread out beneath his gaze? What could the broad blue lines of the horizon be to his mind but vapour, if his wanderings on the lower grounds of intimate acquaintance with tangibilities had not invested them with a human interest, and taught him that they were but innumerable aggregations of countless objects of grace and beauty bestowed for the comfort and enjoyment of beings identified in community of sense and sensibility with his own aptitude to pain or to pleasure?

If the reader has followed our ramblings with attention, he will see that our fabled traveller may stand as an image of the majority of Art-students of to-day,—and indeed of almost all time. Some, it is true, never wander. Born either in the low grounds of Materialism, or in the loftier realms of Ideality, they take up for life the cross entailed by the circumstances of their natal position. But to the majority the "Battle of Life" is a stern reality,—anything but a "dream and a forgetting." It is a casting of the skin,—a struggle to realize imagination and to imagine realities. As to the travellers at starting,—the field of their vision is at first contracted. Petty details are presented to them as universals,—individuals as generalities,—monotony or endless fluctuation as definite laws of Nature: and it is only when by the force of long and patient study and perseverance they have reached more elevated ground, that they are able to classify their impressions and evolve from them theories of future progress. But it is to be remembered that nations, as multiples of men, have a life like that of individuals:—and that in every possible department of their existence they exhibit mutabilities of condition as erratic as those of their single prototype. Literature has since the invention of printing become the absolute record of this vitality:—and through it we may trace the great pulsations of the mighty heart. In illustrating the artistic growth of England as developed through her Art-literature, we cannot do better than summon to our aid the analogy which we have sketched as shadowing forth the ordinary life of the individual artist.

When we commenced a systematic assertion of independent existence in Architecture, we started on a long and toilsome journey. The iteration of the cold dogmatic rules of Vitruvius and Palladio, through the writings of Kent, Ware, Lord Burlington and others, was but the expression of cold observation on a very limited range of foreground objects:—further on, a somewhat enlarged view of the same subject was caught at a turning of the road by Sir W. Chambers:—as his crotchets were passed by and temporarily lost sight of, the eccentricities of the Adam's, Majors, and others supervened:—then came, upsetting every thing else, the card-board antiquarianism of Walpole, the Gothic of Batty and Langley, and the more correct and minute though not less prejudiced studies of old John Carter. All these were lost sight of for awhile in the absorbing popularity of Stuart and Revett, the Dilettanti Society, and Mr. Wilkins. A little time, and attention was wasted on the possibility of making anything out of Egyptian monuments:—and in the incorrect work of Murphy, and subsequently in the beautiful one of Owen Jones, Moorish architecture has been daggered and stoned. During all these fluctuations of necessarily one-sided and contracted views, scarcely an effort has been made to peep a hundred yards beyond the hedges on each side of the road. In the publication of Mr. Hope's admirable essay some indication of general knowledge and attempted utilitarian classification was evidenced. The road closed in again as the writings of Rickman and John Britton consumed public attention,—until it ran at last between the dead walls of

"Camden" Gothic. From time to time, as breaks in these walls have occurred, we have perceived that we have been really sensibly rising,—though their influence shut out all the noble peeps that might otherwise ere this have gladdened our eyes. The battering-ram of public opinion has, however, so much knocked them out of the way as to let us now appreciate pretty fairly—both by looking back at the road we have ascended and by looking forward—that portion of our journey which remains to be accomplished.

To drop the language, though to continue the sense, of our analogy:—of books of "examples," "specimens," "models," "details," &c. we have had a surfeit. The veriest tyro in Architecture has now within his reach more technical information and what is called precedent than any of the greatest masters of the middle ages ever possessed:—and yet our national architecture is *per se* nearly nothing. A great stride forward has been made—in spite of Mr. Ruskin's sneer upon the subject—in Railway Architecture. The inherent principles of style necessarily evolved in the employment of large masses of excellent material in good common-sense design have served in a great measure to bend the direction of men's minds towards a recognition of the palpable difficulties that attend the production of any grand natural building, the plan and details of which are required, in subservience to popular prejudice and popular ignorance, to be conceived in a key of implicit obedience to a certain style (as it is called),—touching the merits or demerits of which one-half of the world stoutly deny what the other half affirm. The mass of evidence in court on the subject of the relative peculiarities and details of these "styles" has now accumulated to so great an extent as of itself to demand analysis and arrangement. From year to year, writers on Art appear to feel this. Historics with critical comments are now coming forward:—and we venture to predict that not many months will pass away without a general admission of the fact, that the establishment in the public mind of just principles of purely objective design is of more importance than any collection of precedent that can be scraped together by the most industrious tourist or the most indefatigable "Church schemer."

Our readers may perhaps wonder that we have not yet directly criticized Mr. Ruskin's work:—the fact is, we have been doing so from our first line. It is a book of the moment; almost the sole merit of which consists in its general idea of endeavouring to supply a want the true character of which can be estimated only after an exact apprehension of the present condition of the study which it seeks to illuminate. It professes to enunciate the immutable laws dependent on human and divine attributes, and their analogy with the exponent form of monumental Art:—and of a truth, it must be confessed that the performance has by no means equalled the profession.

Clever and brilliant the Author of the 'Modern Painters' must be:—but his "lamps" shine most brightly when they illuminate any other subject than Architecture. On Nature and her laws—Man and his affections, his responsibilities and his shortcomings—Mr. Ruskin is uniformly luminous:—but on points of architecture his prejudices are so strong, his affinities so wire-drawn, his antipathies so unsupported by even common sense, that we have stared equally at the conclusions at which he has in many cases arrived and at the extraordinary mental processes by which he appears to have reached them.

Let us take, as an instance of the author's servile ability when writing on general matters, the following passage:—

"We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it: turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces we thank as we would thank one who

dug a well in a desert; happy in that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it."

Now, let us contrast the above with such a piece of nonsense as the following little architectural bit.—

"The relative majesty of buildings depends more on the weight and vigour of their masses, than on any other attribute of their design; mass of everything, of bulk, of light, of darkness, of colour, not mere sum of any of these, but breadth of them; not broken light, nor scattered darkness, nor divided weight, but solid stone, broad sunshine, starless shade. Time would fail me altogether, if I attempted to follow out the range of the principle; there is not a feature, however apparently trifling, to which it cannot give power. The wooden fillings of beltry lights, necessary to protect their interiors from rain, are in England usually divided into a number of neatly executed cross-bars, like those of Venetian blinds, which, of course, become as conspicuous in their sharpness as they are uninteresting in their precise carpentry, multiplying, moreover, the horizontal lines which directly contradict those of the architecture. Abroad, such necessities are met by three or four downright penthouse roofs, reaching each from within the window to the outside shafts of its mouldings; instead of the horrible row of ruled lines, the space is thus divided into four or five grand masses of shadow, with grey slopes of roof above, bent or yielding into all kinds of delicious swells and curves, and covered with warm tones of moss and lichen. Very often the thing is more delightful than the stone-work itself, and all because it is broad, dark, and simple. It matters not how clumsy, how common, the means are, that get weight and shadow—sloping roof, jutting porch, projecting balcony, hollow niche, massy gargoyle, frowning parapet; get but bloom and simplicity, and all good things will follow in their place and time; do but design with the owl's eyes first, and you will gain the falcon's afterwards."

—or with the following piece of dogmatic heterodoxy on colour.—

"The first broad conclusion we shall deduce from observance of natural colour in such cases will be, that it never follows form, but is arranged on an entirely separate system. What mysterious connection there may be between the shape of the spots on an animal's skin and its anatomical system, I do not know, nor even if such a connection has in anywise been traced; but to the eye the systems are entirely separate, and in many cases that of colour is accidentally variable. The stripes of a zebra do not follow the lines of its body or limbs, still less the spots of a leopard. In the plumage of birds, each feather bears a part of the pattern which is arbitrarily carried over its body, having indeed certain graceful harmonies with the form, diminishing or enlarging in directions which sometimes follow, but also not unfrequently oppose, the directions of its muscular lines. Whatever harmonies there may be, are distinctly like those of two separate musical parts, coinciding here and there only—never discordant, but essentially different. I hold this, then, for the first great principle of architectural colour. Let it be visibly independent of form. Never paint a column with vertical lines, but always cross it. Never give separate mouldings separate colours (I know this is heresy, but I never shrink from any conclusions, however contrary to human authority, to which I am led by observance of natural principles); and in sculptured ornaments do not paint the leaves or figures (I cannot help the Elgin frieze) of one colour and their ground of another, but vary both the ground and the figures with the same harmony. Notice how Nature does it in a variegated flower; not one leaf red and another white, but a point of red and a zone of white, or whatever it may be, to each. In certain places you may run your two systems closer, and here and there let them be parallel for a note or two, but see that the colours and the forms coincide only as two orders of mouldings do; the same for an instant, but each holding its own course. No single members may sometimes have single colours: as a bird's head is sometimes of one colour and its shoulders another, you may make your capital one colour and your shaft another; but in general the best place for colour is on broad surfaces, not on the points of interest in form. An animal is mottled on its breast and back, rarely on its paws or about its eyes; so put your variegation bodily on the flat wall and broad shaft, but be shy of it in the capital and moulding; in all cases it is a safe rule to simplify colour when form is rich, and *vice versa*; and I think it would be well in general to carve all capitals and graceful ornaments in white marble, and so leave them."

As some of our friends were for months guessing as to the probable nature of Mr. Ruskin's lamps—wondering whether they would turn out to be seven great architects, seven great buildings, seven great styles, seven great periods, or seven great principles—we may satisfy those of them who have not now made the discovery for themselves by endeavouring to follow out the skeleton of his argument. For a time, we thought this scarcely worth our while;—but we may do as good service by giving as by withholding it.—Let it be premised that the course of Mr. Ruskin's reasoning is by no means conducted on the ordinary principle of progression from the known to the unknown:—it may, on the contrary, be said to start generally from the latter point, and its probable course may be calculated only by the more abstruse formulae of the doctrine of chances.

The seven lamps are seven great principles presented to us in the following order: Sacrifice—Truth—Power—Beauty—Life—Memory, and Obedience:

—and it is by irradiation from their light that perfection in monumental Art is to be attained.

The first of these principles is thus defined by Mr. Ruskin.—

"Now, first, to define this Lamp, or Spirit, of Sacrifice, clearly. I have said that it prompts us to the offering of precious things, merely because they are precious, not because they are useful or necessary. It is a spirit, for instance, which of two marbles, equally beautiful, applicable, and durable, would choose the more costly, because it was so, and of two kinds of decoration, equally effective, would choose the more elaborate because it was so, in order that it might in the same compass present more cost and more thought. It is therefore most unreasoning and enthusiastic, and perhaps best negatively defined, as the opposite of the prevalent feeling of modern times, which desires to produce the largest results at the least cost. Of this feeling, then, there are two distinct forms: the first, the wish to exercise self-denial for the sake of self-discipline merely, a wish acted upon in the abandonment of things loved or desired, there being no direct call or purpose to be answered by so doing; and the second, the desire to honour or please some one else by the costliness of the sacrifice. The practice is, in the first case, either private or public; but most frequently, and perhaps most properly private; while, in the latter case, the act is commonly, and with greatest advantage, public. Now, it cannot but at first appear futile to assert the expediency of self-denial for its own sake, when, for so many sakes, it is every day necessary to a far greater degree than any of us practise it. But I believe it is just because we do not enough acknowledge or contemplate it as a good in itself, that we are apt to fail in its duties when they become imperative, and to calculate, with some partiality, whether the good proposed to others measures or warrants the amount of grievance to ourselves, instead of accepting with gladness the opportunity of sacrifice as a personal advantage."

From so high an idea of the value of Sacrifice as a healthy exercise, as a pouring forth of gratitude, and as leading by example to noble and elevating results, as opposed to any idea of *merit* in sacrifice, and from the tone of several other anti-Romanist passages, we are glad to find that the slight shadow of superstition which from a certain peculiarity of mystic quietism about the style of Mr. Ruskin's writing we feared might have dwelt upon the author's spirit, is non-existent in its results, if present in its externals.

The lamp of Truth is in some respects the brightest in Mr. Ruskin's book. The passage which we have already quoted,—the lively sketch of the gradual transformation from the principle of the mass to that of the line in the transition from the rayonnant to the flamboyant tracery in France, and of the degradation of design consequent on the falsification of the natural character of the material stone, and many other sparks of fire and eloquence maintain the brilliancy of its flame:—but such feeble argumentation and glaring inconsistencies as are developed in the course of the reduction of general principles to practical details,—involving the almost entire cession of iron as a structural ingredient, binding the author to the horns of all kinds of dilemmas—bid fair to counteract and finally to extinguish our memory of its luminosity.

The lamp of Power is an expansion of the text that magnitude artificial or actual is the best representative of grandeur. There are a few good suggestions in it,—many beautiful passages; but though in the main its general purpose is good, the exaggerated statements and their want of tranquil utterance leave the unpleasant sense of wonder at the fact, that, after all those hits and misses—which seem rather random dabs than definite touches,—on retiring to some little distance the general effect of the author's picture should be so correct, and its relative parts should fall so satisfactorily into their places.

To say what Mr. Ruskin's lamp of Beauty is and what it is not, is possible for no pen but his own. Where every line is an assertion or an asseveration—now right, now wrong—now just, now prejudiced—how can the jarring elements be characterized? If it is worth reading it must be read: so, since much in it is valuable, let him who can understand read it.—We should characterize this lamp as essentially flickering,—now from too much oil, now from too little.

The lamp of Life is instinct with vitality. The author's sympathy with, and love for, humanity throughout all his writings leavens the whole mass, and makes us feel that if we are addressed by a mistaken, we are yet cared for by a sincere and loving friend. The two following passages, one on individual, the other on national life, are fine specimens of Mr. Ruskin's "earnest and full style."

"But when we begin to be concerned with the energies

of man, we find ourselves instantly dealing with a double creature. Most part of his being seems to have a fictitious counterpart, which it is at his peril if he do not cast off and deny. Thus he has a true and false (otherwise called a living and dead, or a feigned or unfeigned) faith. He has a true and a false hope, a true and a false charity, and, finally, a true and a false life. His true life is like that of the moulds and governs external things; it is a force of assimilation which converts everything around it into food, or into instruments; and which, however humbly or obediently it may listen to or follow the guidance of superior intelligence, never forfeits its own authority as a judging principle, as a will capable either of obeying or rebelling. His false life is, indeed, but one of the conditions of death, or stupor, but it acts, even when it cannot be said to animate, and is not always easily known from the true. It is that life of custom and accident in which many of us pass much of our time in the world; that life in which we do what we have not purposed, and speak what we do not mean, and assent to what we do not understand; that life which is overlaid by the weight of things external to it, and is moulded by them, instead of assimilating them; that which instead of growing and blossoming under any wholesome dew, is crystallised over with it, as with hoar-frost, and becomes to the true life what an arborescent foreign to it, brittle, obstinate, and icy, which can neither bend nor grow, but must be crushed and broken to bits, if it stand in our way. All men are liable to be in some degree frost-bitten in this sort; all are partly encumbered and chilled over with this matter; only if they have real life in them, they are always breaking this bark away in noblest efforts, until it becomes, like the black strips upon the birch tree, only a witness of their own inward strength. But, with all the efforts that the best men make, much of their being passes in a kind of dream, in which they indeed move, and play their parts sufficiently, to the eyes of their fellow-dreamers, but have no clear consciousness of what is around them, or within them; blind to the one, insensible to the other, *υπνῶποι*."

"The life of a nation is usually, like the flow of a lava stream, first bright and fierce, then languid and covered, at last advancing on by the tumbling over and over of its frozen blocks. And that last condition is a sad one to look upon. All the steps are marked most clearly in the arts, and in Architecture more than in any other; for it, being especially dependent, as we have just said, on the warmth of the true life, is also peculiarly sensible of the hemlock cold of the false; and I do not know anything more oppressive, when the mind is once awakened to its characteristics, than the aspect of a dead architecture. The feebleness of childhood is full of promise and of interest, the struggle of imperfect knowledge full of energy and continuity,—but to see impotence and rigidity settling upon the form of the developed man; to see the types which once had the die of thought struck fresh upon them, worn flat by over-use; to see the shell of the living creature in its adult form, when its colours are faded, and its inhabitant perished,—this is a sight more humiliating, more melancholy, than the vanishing of all knowledge, and the return to confessed and helpless infancy."

The lamp of Memory pleads for the nourishment of all beautiful association,—and claims from us a care for the enjoyment of posterity, in virtue of the legacy which past ages have bequeathed to us.

The lamp of Obedience—though what is meant by that obedience is not very clearly enunciated—is, on the whole, the brightest of all these lamps, inasmuch as it is more abstract and less architectural than most of the others. It contains many passages of great beauty and truth, enlivened by many an enthusiastic tilt against generally accredited opinion. With this burst of fireworks the exhibition ends:—and of a truth we were sorry, in spite of all its eccentricities, when it was over. It had given us some violent, yet withal pleasant, exercise. We had been taken up as by some enchanter's wand—whirled through whole regions of fancy and thought,—now lifted to the skies, now dashed down again,—and in fact on arriving at last on *terra firma* we scarcely knew to what realms the author had or had not conducted us. This kind of mental shaking would prove rather strong medicine for weak minds:—and we much fear that for one individual who may gain health and benefit from such a violent course, we shall meet with dozens who, incapable of bringing the writer's high thoughts to practical conclusions, are able only to pick up from them nourishment for morbid, sickly, and unpractical mysticism.

On the whole, however, by merely stirring up the subject, and courting an investigation into true and rightful elementary principles, Mr. Ruskin's work, were it three times as full of eccentricities as it is, must do good, and we hope lasting service.

We must pronounce on the imperfect execution of the illustrations. Soft ground etching is at best a most uncertain process:—and no ordinary artist or unpractised hand can overcome its mechanical difficulties. The eleventh plate is, nevertheless, very pretty.

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excellence in his art: but the coins in circulation are far from doing justice to the engraver,—while they reflect very little credit on that private monopoly at Her Majesty's Mint—the Company of Moneyers. The reverse of the coin is a compact piece of work—delicately grouped and full of minute detail; but the hurried way in which the coins are struck by the Moneyers has made sad confusion of what for so small a surface is a very harmonious piece of artistic composition. This should not have been allowed. What is Mr. Shiel about in his new office?—or what is to be the result of the late expensive inquiry into the Mint, if this private monopoly of the Moneyers is to remain in full force as before, to the cost of the public in whatever way it is looked at?

The town of Amiens has been inaugurating—in presence of deputations from the learned Societies of the capital, and with that array which customarily attends such ceremonials in France—a bronze statue, in one of its squares, to the memory of Dufresne Du Cange.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NOTES ON THE MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Festival.

THAT which London seems unable to do—namely, provide its *glorifici* with a spacious, habitable, and accessible concert-room—the rich and public-spirited merchants of Liverpool have accomplished on an ample and costly scale. Not willing to wait for the completion of St. George's Hall, or not able to appropriate it conveniently, their Philharmonic Society has, at an enormous outlay, erected for itself a building which may take rank among the finest public rooms in Europe. Outwardly, the edifice is plain rather than otherwise,—susceptible of improvement in the form of a piazza, which should be added to embrace the lower story, in protection of the departing audience from a climate anything but Arcadian—but its grouped and a knot of diversely-fancied buildings. Hope Street, where it stands, bids fair to be a sort of pattern-card of churches of all colours and all “isms,” (not forgetting an ample Unitarian chapel so papistical in its ordinances of crosses, cloister-like arcades, &c. &c. as to amuse rather than edify those who have read the writings of the modern symbolists in a dissenting spirit)—and will, when the vacant spaces are filled, present to the eye one of those architectural pictures which are more engaging than any vista in cities drawn out on Mr. Owen's principle of the parallelogram or by an architect as classical as the ex-king of Bavaria's own. The Franconian and Flemish towns were thus built. In them, too, every man “did what was right in his own eyes;”—and out of the aggregate of many caprices and attempts at ornate has sprung a whole in which the most learned of eyes cannot but fail to take pleasure.

The interior of this Liverpool Philharmonic Concert-room is an oblong, with a covered roof supported on four arches, of which the lateral ones are vast in span. The general effect is bold and happy. A gallery runs round three sides of the Hall, subdivided into proprietary boxes. Here the arrangement might be reconsidered with advantage:—since, as matters stand, the divisions, draperies, &c. may be objected to as in feature too slight for details belonging to so simply grand a design. There is ample space for a very large audience—and the sonority of the Hall is satisfactory. The manner of lighting it, too, by a row of stary gas-lights beading the under cornice of the roof, is effective and welcome, as delivering the eyes from the glare which is apt so poignantly to beset them in public places. The entrances, passages, saloon accommodation, and green-rooms, &c. for the principal artists are *stared*, as regards space, in proportion to the main hall,—which can rarely be filled, save on very stately occasions; while a few feet more given to the staircase and to “the withdrawing-room” (to which it seems the fashion for the audience to retire) would have tended greatly to the good proportion and convenience of both. But since on all these architectural points a musical critic may be contradicted by some Ruskin or Ferguson to come, the above remarks are not to be taken oracularly.

The performances have consisted of the ‘Elijah,’

—the ‘Messiah,’—the ‘Lauda Sion,’ and ‘Stabat Mater’ making one performance,—and a miscellaneous concert. They were directed alternately by Mr. Benedict and by Mr. Zeugheer Herrmann. After having generally stated that the band was rich and well-proportioned, and that the chorus kept up the old choral credit of Lancashire (though weaker in its *contralti* and *tenori* than model chorus should be), we need not notice a point or two in the performances. Amongst these, most prominent was the blot upon ‘Elijah’ made by Herr Fornes,—a blot flagrant. What is worse, a blot presumptuous,—and as such calling for no measured speech. More discredit-able to himself his treatment of the noble principal part could not have been. No one could think of counting against him his uncouth English,—still less the obvious traces left by indisposition upon his glorious voice;—but who could have expected to find him unprepared in his music after two months’ warning? Yet this was the case; while the few points studied by him for effect—for the sake of which we were expected to swallow general coarseness, unsteadiness, and incorrectness—were caricatured out of all devotional propriety or respect for Mendelssohn's intentions. Regarding these, such of us as heard Staudigl study the Oratorio under the composer's guidance cannot be mistaken. There can be no doubt that the “tear-mouth” exaggeration of Herr Fornes in the scenes of Elijah with Baal's Prophets in the wilderness is precisely the vice which would the most cruelly have outraged the Master's taste. We were disposed so cordially to welcome the singer on his arrival in England, that we cannot pass over his neglect and presumption without the severest censure.

Not having been present at the Norwich meeting, the singing of Madame Viardot in the *contralto* and *mezzo-soprano* parts of the Oratorio was new to us. The recitative of the *Queen*, treated as a “hard bargain” by other singers, is by her invested with an importance and dramatic power the fullness of which was possibly not contemplated even by the Master himself. So completely to be able to exchange the mood of this scene for the holy and beautiful calm with which she delivered the air ‘O rest in the Lord,’ was one of the frequent evidences of the highest power which distinguish the career of Madame Viardot from that of most other artists before the public. She further delivered the recitative of the Angel introducing the chorus of the Earthquake and the Fire as it has never before been recited. Miss Hayes, who always seems to sing best when singing in her company, was heard to great advantage in the unaccompanied *trio*; but the *Sanctus* of angels, which she should have led, failed owing to her absence from rehearsal,—a fact which it may be as well to state, since its recurrence in numberless other instances throughout the week has given to performances provided for with great liberality a patchy air, generally not satisfactory.

There is little new to be said concerning the ‘Messiah,’—which the Lancashire choristers have always been used to sing *con amore*; but it was new to hear the principal *basso* uttering wrong notes in ‘The people that walked in darkness,’—which Herr Fornes did most courageously. Miss Hayes delivered the recitative after the Pastoral Symphony with feeling and care,—and it suits her voice; but she is obviously not as yet entirely at home in this old music.—Of the ‘Lauda Sion’ and ‘Stabat,’ performed yesterday morning, we cannot speak.

A few words are claimed by the Concerts,—the last of which was given on Wednesday. They were not satisfactory to us:—a strange aimlessness and want of finish being remarkable in them. The excellent band had little to do,—many of the vocal pieces being absolutely handed over to the pianoforte for accompaniment. The liberal array of *solo* players was not exhibited in music grand or solid enough to befit the locality or to meet the rapidly improving taste of the town:—which has been largely developed and healthily matured by a most excellent resident conductor, M. J. Zeugheer Herrmann. Then, that ubiquitous scape-goat, the copyist, had more sins than usual to bear:—so many, indeed, as to make us wonder why “the profession” do not unite in supporting some other functionary who can keep his time and will take pains to provide what is wanted. The number of singing mediocrities engaged has been disturbingly numerous. There were also singers

who should not have sung at all. Why, for instance, Mdle. de Treffz was added to the long list of *soprani*, and allowed to present her obviously bad version of 'Comin' thro' the rye,' a mystery, (as old Mr. Wilson, the defunct concert manager of Liverpool, used to say, when he produced in the orchestra persons of no renown and less name). We have further, no choice—little pleasant though it be to say it—but to declare that the execution of Mr. Macfarren's *scena*, a clever but not very original composition, was an offence to be excused on no considerations of policy, or of amiable feeling towards him as an English composer. And if it be his will that his music should be so spoiled by an executant displaying such pretension as only befits the greatest artists, committees and conductors should look to it. That such exhibitions can find their be-praisers is discouraging:—till we recollect that no praise can make "a silken purse" when the silkworm herself is wanting! But Mr. Benedict should have protected the Liverpool Committee against such an expenditure of their funds. His own MS. composition—a *Fest-Overture* carefully wrought—a brilliant *allegro* preceded by an introduction which opens in the true festal spirit—was an offering in every respect more worthy.

After this, we can only pack into a paragraph as facts the *encores* of M. Vivier and Signor Bottesini, the damage wrought to Herr Ernst's strings by the humidity of the Hall, and the disappointment to Herr Halle by finding his grand piano tuned half a tone below concert pitch, thus rendering his concerto impossible—against which preliminary inspection on his part should have secured him. On the whole, the meeting, though profitable, has been less so than could have been wished. The prices of the second places were exorbitantly high. We have heard, too, of local discontents which have not contributed to the popularity of the Philharmonic Committee. The name under which they present themselves to the public implies wisdom as well as artistic liberality:—and we cannot but fancy that their pride in their splendid new room (so honourable to those who have erected it) may have stood betwixt them and that better pride which would have opened it in a generous spirit to their townsmen, on such an interesting occasion. Let us hope, if it be so, that the vain glory may pass quickly, for their own sakes.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The last performance of the season was 'Don Giovanni,' played yesterday week to a crowded house, and before a most enthusiastic public. All the artists were stirred to their utmost. Madame Grisi and Signor Mario sang finely; and the latter now bids fair to become the best actor we have known among the Italian tenors. This good at least has his practice in French opera brought to him. We have to make amends for former neglect to Signor Marini's *Leporello*; which is lively, easy, and—we know not better how to express it—large in style. But the novelty of the evening was Madame Viardot's *Zerlina*;—a performance at once excellent for an originality of conception which, without destroying the mirth and the rusticity of the character, explains in a probable way its facility, and thus destroys its worthlessness. On this idea we shall dwell for a moment. Whether or not Molière or Mozart fully appreciated what may be called the mystical element in the old legend of 'The Libertine Punished' when the one wrote his 'Festin de Pierre' and the other his 'Don Giovanni,' certain it is that a large part of the world now considers the story as shadowing forth something deeper than merely the career of a voluptuary, wound up by a doom, after the fashion of *Punch*, with a *quantum suff.* of red, blue, and green fire. *Don Juan* is by them raised to the dignity of one more or less in league with the Evil Principle,—the companionship ending in fearful retribution. Such was Hoffmann's notion when he represented *Donna Anna* as having been the Tempter's victim;—such an idea would explain the situation and colour the character of *Donna Elvira*, making her pursuit of her recusant lord a crusade of affection having his repentance for its object. "Si non è vero," &c. &c. The opera will obviously bear such a gloss—and a presentment of it with the above-noted conception pervading all the characters would justify the superadded sentiment (if

superadded it be) by its greater conformity with the sentiment of Mozart's music than the version till now adopted. On this "hint" Madame Viardot seems to have studied her *Zerlina*. A blither, heartier, more humorous villager never danced on to the stage to sing the pretty duettino 'Giovinette;' never has been seen anything more *naïf*, natural, and true than her behaviour at the *fête*,—a delicious blending of peasant wonderment and girlish self-complacency. But from the moment that *Don Juan*'s eye falls upon her, hers is a case of bird enthralled by basilisk,—not a vulgar bartering of love for coaches and fine clothes. A touch or two more might have made the presentment too eccentric or super-subtle to give pleasure,—especially as the tone of the new *Zerlina* was different to that of all the other characters in the cast. But Madame Viardot is in no respect more consummately an artist than in never (so far as we have yet seen) giving "the touch too much." Full as she is of the originality of fervid, enterprising genius, she controls "her demon" as we have never seen demon before controlled by person so impulsive. There is measure—there is taste in all she acts, says, and sings. Her "reading" may be open to comment,—but not her manner of "writing" it upon the hearts of the public. There were points enough in her *Zerlina* to fill an *Athenæum*; yet never was the character made obtrusive,—never were its vivacity or its "struggles in the net" rendered untowardly prominent, to the displacement or obscuring of the personages among whom it moved. Then, Madame Viardot's singing of Mozart is a study. The music lies a little above the best part of her voice; but the phrasing—the expression—the temperate use of ornament—the bringing out of every word and passage, were admirable. What a leader or support for a company (for Madame Viardot is too great an *artiste* not to support as well as to lead) is an actress so versatile, a singer so consummately skilled in every style! There has been no such stage appearance in our time:—and our world is beginning to find it out, and to make much of it, as in duty bound. With this brilliant performance and exciting intellectual pleasure (the phrase is richly warranted) the third season of the *Royal Italian Opera* went out "like a Lion."

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Saturday, this theatre opened, as announced, with Shakspeare's comedy of 'The Tempest.' Though it had been previously revived at this house, its present reproduction is distinguished by great difference from the former performance. New scenery and costumes have been supplied, with a profusion and magnificence quite remarkable. Differences have been made also in the cast. Mr. Dickinson now enacts *Ferdinand*, and Mr. Marston takes *Alonso*; while *Trinculo* was performed by a Mr. Nye, instead of by Mr. Scharf, and *Miranda* has fallen to the lot of Miss Carlstein, a lady who some two or three seasons ago tried her fortune at the Haymarket as the *Widow Belmour*. Her person is good; and, with sufficient stage-practice, she is likely to become a comic actress of merit.

'The Tempest' is treated by Mr. Campbell as Shakspeare's last play. "The time was approaching," said that critic, "when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean, 'deeper than did ever plummet sound,'—that staff which has never been and never will be recovered." Mr. Charles Knight has dissipated this error. 'The Tempest' has none of the severe characteristics of Shakspeare's latest plays—but it has, as Mr. Knight justly insists, "the playfulness and beauty of the comedies, mingled with the higher notes of passionate and solemn thought which distinguished the great tragedies." The same writer's remark, that this play "is essentially written wholly with reference to the stage, at a period when an Ariel could be presented to an imaginative audience without the prosaic encumbrance of wings," deserves attention. In his last solemn works Shakspeare became less and less theatrical. Mr. Hunter, again, has claimed 'The Tempest' as one of Shakspeare's earliest efforts—a theory in the one extreme no more to be tolerated than Mr. Campbell's in the other. This fine drama was first performed in 1611:—the place being Whitehall, and the audience the King and his courtiers. Mr. Hunter would fix its date in 1596: but the political passages in the play,

taken from Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was not published before 1603, disprove the assumption. On other points of this vexed question it is not expedient to enter:—late inquiries having rendered them obsolete. The internal evidence indicates an intermediate stage of development: an interval when Shakspeare from the irregular construction of his earlier tragedies and chronicles had passed on to a more simple structure—and before he had mastered the complex development which so distinctly characterized his last six great plays, triumphantly showing that the poet had attained to that perfect control over his materials which enabled him to present the greatest variety in the strictest form of unity,—that is, when interpreted according to the inner spirit of the production, rather than to its external mechanism.

This play of 'The Tempest' may, therefore, be taken as the mid-point between the theatric and the ultra-dramatic in Shakspeare's productions; and its repeated performance serves to prove, what was once doubted, its eminent fitness as a poetical drama for the stage. Now that it is placed on the boards with appropriate accessories, the entire piece moves with perfect facility, excites occasionally great merriment, and is accompanied throughout with a tender and fantastic interest. The drama as enacted follows the text,—but for the omission of one scene and the curtailment of another. The scene omitted is the dialogue on shipboard, while the mere pantomime of the ship in the storm is retained. To this omission we decidedly object. The spectacle without the dialogue derogates from the dignity of a performance in other respects deserving of great praise.—Mr. Phelps as *Prospero* intoned the poetry with impressiveness:—and Mr. Bennett's *Caliban* was, as usual, one of the few remarkable things on the modern stage. It is *all but* the poetical monster of the dramatist. Miss St. George's *Ariel* is an acceptable piece of acting:—her snatches of song were pleasing to the audience; and in 'Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I' she was deservedly encored. At the conclusion of the play, the principal performers were called before the curtain. We must add, that the drop scene is this season entirely new. It is painted by Mr. Finlay.

On Thursday, the comedy of 'The Belle's Stratagem' served for the introduction to our boards of a Miss Fitzpatrick from Dublin, as the representative of *Letitia Hardy*. So decidedly successful a *début* has not lately been witnessed. Thoroughly lady-like and chaste in her style, Miss Fitzpatrick nevertheless abounds in comic *vis*, which enables her, without violating the grace of her deportment, to give great effect to the wit and irony of the dialogue. Her scene with *Doriscourt* (Mr. Marston) in which she seeks to excite his disgust by her rusticity, was admirable throughout; and the song with which it concludes was delivered with such nice humour that it was vehemently encored. The actress showed her taste in not responding to the call. In the five-act drama such interruptions are out of place; since they at once obstruct the action and elevate a mere accessory into a principal feature. We cannot conclude without giving the praise due to the other performers. Mr. Hoskins as *Flutser* was an exquisite fop; and Mr. Bennett as the over-jealous, or rather sensitively-uxorious, *Sir Francis Touchwood* was as sententious and impressive in his declamation and as eager and anxious in his deportment as the character required. For once, the mannerism of the actor was in accordance with his part. The *Widow Rackett* found a suitable representative in Mrs. Marston; whose idiosyncrasy as an actress is best consulted in the assumption of shrewd worldliness and as the vulgar "fine lady" of this class of comedy. Miss Bassano had in the part of *Lady Francis Touchwood* a task of great delicacy; but she touched it with a simplicity of feeling and an artlessness of manner which won upon the sympathies of the spectator.—The comedy was so successful that it will doubtless run some nights. After the performance, Miss Fitzpatrick was called before the curtain.

NEW STRAND.—'Katty from Connaught' is the title of a new and original farce produced at this theatre on Monday. Mrs. Alfred Phillips plays the heroine; and was quite successful in her assumption of the Irish character. The entire piece depended

upon her,—and she supported it with admirable naïveté and humour. We have now for some time looked upon this actress as possessing much talent,—and the more we become acquainted with her the more we admire its extent and force.—The structure of the present piece is very simple; its only purpose being to set two or three scenes of Irish dialogue for *Katty*. She is at first introduced to us as a rude Irish servant, whose united stupidity and impudence are destructive to the crockery. But *Lady Stanfield* (Miss Adams) has introduced her into the family because of her singular likeness to *Mabel Stanfield*; long supposed to be dead,—and formerly affianced to Sir George Ellis (Mr. Butler), a gentleman who remains both inconsolable for her loss and indignant at her alleged inconstancy. The likeness of *Katty* to *Mabel* surprises and amuses him:—at length, it rekindles the spark of love in his bosom. Thereupon, satisfactory explanations ensue.—*Katty* is, of course, *Mabel* in disguise:—and all ends “merry as a marriage-bell.” The humour of the piece is purposely broad; and it required the utmost skill of the actress to carry off some of the allusions with grace. She accomplished all, however, with a power and ease which set her in the first rank of low-comedy performers.

MISCELLANEA

Subsidizing the Cholera.—The energy with which parts of our institutions work makes the defects of the rest more evident. On the 9th of August last, a man was murdered in Bermondsey; and before his death, reported by the coroner, will appear in these returns, one, and it is probable both the persons charged with the murder will be in custody. Steamships, the electric telegraph, the heads of the police, and professional agents, especially chosen, were all employed to arrest the destroyers of this life; the columns of the newspapers were filled with the details of the death. On the same day (August 9) a stock-broker died at No. 12, Albion-terrace, Wandsworth-road; a widow lady, and an old domestic servant at No. 6; in the five preceding days, in the same terrace, the daughter of a grocer, a child of five years of age, had died at No. 1; the widow of a coach proprietor, and a commercial clerk, at No. 2; a gentleman's widow at No. 3; a surgeon's daughter at No. 4; a spinster of 41 at No. 5; the wife of a Dissenting minister, his mother, a widow lady, and a servant at No. 6; a young woman of 21 at No. 10; a gentleman at No. 12, where the stock-broker died; a commercial clerk and a young woman of 19 at No. 13, where a young woman also died on July 28; a gentleman's wife at No. 14, who had seen her daughter die there the day before. The 19 persons died of cholera, many of the inhabitants of the terrace were dispersed; and the deaths of several have been registered elsewhere. “It appears,” says the registrar, Mr. Frost, “that at No. 13, inhabited by Mr. Biddle, where the first death occurred, and where two deaths were afterwards registered, the refuse of the house had been allowed to accumulate in one of the vaults (which is a very large one) for about two years, and when removed last week, the stench was almost intolerable, there being about two feet of wet soil filled with maggots. The drains also had burst, overflowed into the tank, and impregnated the water with which the houses were supplied. On the back ground, in the distance, was an open ditch, into which nearly the whole of the soil of Clapham runs.” As turpentine to flames, so is the exhalation of such cellars, tanks, and sewers to cholera; it diffused itself rapidly, attacked many, and 19 inhabitants, after some hours of suffering, sickness, and spasms, expired. The effects of decomposing refuse and water on health were well known—their fatal subsidies to cholera had been heard of every day; yet no steps had been taken for their removal from Albion Terrace in July, no medical police had interfered to disturb the contents of Mr. Biddle's cellar; and now the nineteen masters, servants, parents, children rest in their graves, it appears to be taken for granted that blame attaches to nobody—to nothing—to the householders themselves—to the guardians of the district—to the institutions of the country! Such mean intangible instruments of death can be invested with no dramatic interest; but fixing our eyes on the victims,

it is well worth considering whether substantially it is not as much a part of the sound policy of the country that lives like those in Albion Terrace should be saved as that the murderers of the man in Bermondsey should be hanged.—*Times*.

Ancient Stone Coffin.—Some days ago the workmen employed in digging a drain through Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, outside the Southern wall of Henry VII.'s Chapel, discovered, three feet below the surface, an ancient stone coffin, containing a skeleton still entire. There was no lid to the coffin, and no date or other inscription to mark the period at which the body was deposited in its present resting-place; but so long a time has elapsed since interments could have been made where this relic was found, as to confer upon it a character of very remote antiquity.—*Globe*.

The London Clay.—It will be recollected that at the first court held on the proposed tunnel of Mr. Phillips, Dr. Buckland asserted unequivocally “that there was not an atom of London clay between Rotherhithe Tunnel and the base of Shooter's Hill,” and that “it glanced off at the north-east corner of St. Paul's.” Since that time evidence of the most satisfactory nature, and from unquestionable authority, has been obtained that it does exist, and in large quantities, in places altogether denied in the speech of Dr. Buckland:—as will be found in the following statement:—At Greenwich marshes, opposite Blackwall, 55 ft. of London clay; near the London Dock and St. Katharine's Dock, 55 ft.; at Bermondsey, 55 ft.; near London Bridge, 130 ft.; and, extending upwards, it was found at Lambeth, 160 ft.; at Westminster, 170 ft.; at Kensington, 170 ft.; and at Brompton, 237 ft.; and for a considerable distance above London Bridge the bed of the river is cut in the blue clay.—*Builder*.

Preservation of Leeches.—Many of the readers of your journal may be unaware of an extremely simple method of preserving leeches clean and healthy, which I have found to answer exceedingly well. It is as follows:—At the bottom of the jar containing the leeches place a layer, about half an inch thick, of common sand (such as is used for domestic purposes), after washing it in several waters to remove any soluble or extraneous matter.—Correspondent of the *Pharmaceutical Journal*.

The Roman Wall.—The pilgrims were led by the Rev. J. C. Bruce, who carried a staff formed of one of the piles of the Roman Bridge which was erected by the Emperor Hadrian across the Tyne at Newcastle, A.D. 120. At first the number of pilgrims consisted of about 50, including several ladies, and that number was augmented by accessions in the progress of the journey. It is impossible to give more than a general account of the pilgrimage. On nearly the whole line the party succeeded in discovering remains of the works of Hadrian, Agricola, and Severus; but they have been much defaced since the celebrated Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, made his interesting survey. It is true that many relics and traces are yet to be seen, and many altars, coins, and other remains of antiquity have been discovered since his day; yet the demands of the country along the line for building stone, for which the wall was for several centuries a plentiful and convenient quarry, have left the antiquary but little of the grandest monument of Roman power which England possessed. The little now existing ought, if it could be so ordered, to be preserved, as it is of even more than national interest, and some care should be taken to prevent its total obliteration. On the whole length of the journey the pilgrims met with great hospitality, kindness, and assistance in their pursuits from the proprietors and even the peasantry; and where all the marks were lost, tradition, to which all antiquaries are greatly indebted, made up in some degree the deficiency. The names of places along the line derived from their proximity to the wall, its towers, its castles, and its dykes, lead the antiquary from place to place to where the ditch or some remains of the wall still exist. As several gentlemen eminent for their geological and botanical research accompanied the party, it may be anticipated that the Pilgrimage of the Roman Wall, which has excited so much interest, will not have been to a barren shrine, but that literature will be enriched by a work full of the varied and valuable matter thus rescued from the tomb of oblivion.—*Newcastle Journal*.

Phillips's Fire Annihilator.—A number of interesting experiments have been made at the London Gas Company's works, Vauxhall, with this remarkable invention. These were preceded by an explanation from Mr. Phillips of the manner in which he was led to the discovery, and of the principles upon which its success depends. He stated that while watching a volcanic eruption in the Mediterranean, he observed that the huge column of water which was discharged from the crater did not extinguish the flame which accompanied it, while the smoke of a brushwood fire swept by the wind put out another brushwood fire near it. He exemplified the little power of water in extinguishing flame by several very simple experiments:—and he then introduced the “fire annihilator,” and at once put out very large fires fed with the most combustible materials. The extraordinary speed, ease, and certainty with which the invention acted, in all the trials to which it was put, excited the warm admiration of many gentlemen of high scientific attainments who were present; and there can be little doubt that the “patent fire annihilator” is a very valuable addition to the discoveries of the age. In construction and application it has the great advantage of being extremely simple, being quite portable and capable of being placed where it would be most accessible in cases of emergency. The gases which it evolves, and which are found so efficacious in extinguishing flame, are produced from a compound of charcoal, nitre, and gypsum, which is again ignited by breaking a glass bottle containing sulphuric acid. The acid drops upon chlorate of potash and sugar; and instantly a large body of vapour is evolved with great force from a tube connected with the copper or metal chamber in which the whole materials are inclosed. This vapour extinguishes flame with a rapidity which is truly marvellous; and by it Mr. Phillips appears to have arrived at the simplest and most certain means of effecting a large saving in the immense annual loss of property and life by fire in this country. This loss is calculated to amount in property to 2,000,000. A company has, we understand, taken up the invention; and we have no doubt that it will soon supersede the long rows of buckets, filled with water, with which the corridors of our public buildings are now so often garnished.

Railways in Streets.—A new invention is about being brought forward for railways in the streets of cities, which will here [New York] very nearly do away with the present style of omnibus, and while it will be practicable to all usual purposes as a railroad, will not interfere with the passing of other carriages. It will also cause a great saving of expense to the paving commissioners. The peculiarity consists in there being but one rail, which instead of being laid on the ground is placed at the extremity of upright stanchions curved at the top like the letter f; the wheels of the carriages are to be on the top rail, and the carriages being suspended from their axles, will hang near the ground, and be drawn by horses as they now are when the roads pass through the streets of cities.—*New York Correspondent of the Times*.

Prussian Muskets.—In the campaign in the Grand Duchy of Baden the Prussian foot were armed with muskets of a newly invented construction. The plan on which they are made, and especially the composition and arrangement of the charge, are a secret of the Prussian War-office. We have, however, been enabled to gather the following particulars respecting these muskets, which are known in Prussia by the name of “Zündnadelgewehr,” from the explosion being produced by the passing of a pin through the cartridge:—The barrels are rifled, and the bullets which are shot out of them are *spitz kugeln*, a kind of conical bullet. They are conical at the point, cylindrical in the middle, and globular at the end. The cartridges in which these bullets are have a layer of explosive mass next to the bullet, and the gunpowder is at the bottom of the cartridge, which is put in at the lower end of the barrel. On the trigger being pulled a thin piece of steel (*nadel*) enters through a hole in the back of the barrel, and piercing the cartridge and the gunpowder, it proceeds to the explosive mass, which is similar to that which is employed for the usual percussion caps. The gunpowder is thus lighted at the front, and every grain of powder is consumed. The charge of powder is 3 3/4ths of an ounce, while that of a percussion

musket is usually 6 24ths of an ounce. These muskets enable a soldier to charge and fire six or eight times without lowering his musket, and 1,000 yards is still a good killing distance. It is not a safe distance for hitting, but 800 yards is; and a good shot is at that distance pretty sure of his aim. 800 yards then is the range of these muskets, while the usual musket range is 400 yards, and thus the enemy must advance 400 yards in the fire of the Prussian troops before they can think of returning it. A troop of soldiers marching in double quick time would make that distance in four minutes and be exposed to from 25 to 30 shots from each Prussian musket. The cavalry, which wants two and a half minutes to advance 800 yards, is exposed to 20 shots from each man. As for the artillery, their discharges of grape and canister tell fearfully at 400 yards, and have but small effect at 800 yards. The artillerymen are thus exposed to the Prussian muskets, and can be picked off as they stand by their pieces.—*Times*.

Mining Casualties.—It has long been a desideratum in mining to provide against the breakage of ropes and chains; for not only do such occurrences destroy life, but in shafts which are fitted up with guides according to the best modern practice great damage is occasioned to the shaft fittings,—therefore, in the absence of any expedient to provide for such events, the ropes and chains are withdrawn as worn out long before they otherwise would be. The object of Mr. Fourdrinier's invention is to fix the cage and tubs instantaneously to the guides by means of self-acting springs, levers and wedges attached to the top, and forming part of the cage, which come into action when disengaged from the rope or chain. A constant source of danger also prevails on the drawing of the load up against the pulleys, which is also attended with certain death as well as damage to the property. This casualty Mr. Fourdrinier also removes by attaching to the chain a disengaging apparatus, such as that made use of in the pile-driving machine, the cage being at the moment of disengagement left affixed to the guides at a certain distance below the pulleys. The invention may, therefore, be said to provide entirely against the breakage, or the drawing up against or over the pulleys, whilst it produces an economic effect in the following particulars, namely:—With confidence in this invention the ropes may be worn considerably longer than safety would otherwise warrant; and they are especially benefited by the cage arrangement, inasmuch as the load is lifted in two progressive stages rather than as at present in one abrupt lift, thus doing away with the violent sudden jerk which acts so detrimentally to the machinery. Such is the general description of this invention; but as many fancied improvements in mining matters are discovered, after practical experiments, to fall short of the utility attached to them by their invention, a day was appointed to witness a trial of the apparatus, which had been in current operation since the 16th of April at Usworth Colliery, Durham. The shaft is ten and a half feet in diameter, and is fitted up with wooden guides, being five inches by three inches, and within which a pair of cages are made to work, being seven feet eight inches within the guides, and each cage containing two tubs carrying ten cwt. of coals, so that the weight of the whole moving load may be stated as follows, namely:—Cage, with lifting chains and patent apparatus, 22 cwt.; two tubs, 6 cwt.; coals, 20 cwt.; in all, 48 cwt. The experiment was made by suddenly destroying the rope which suspended this weight, when the apparatus instantly took effect, and the whole mass was firmly affixed to the guides. The experiment was repeated several times with success.—*Newcastle Journal*.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—An Englishman—L. B.—A Constant Reader—W. R.—received.

E. G.—We refer our correspondent to the *Athenæum* of the 24th of March,—in which he will find the simultaneous readings of an aneroid and standard barometer at varying temperatures. A good aneroid would certainly be superior to a bad mercurial barometer,—but infinitely inferior to a good one.

E. F. N.—Kossuth was born in 1806. In the passage of our review [p. 853, col. 2, l. 36] to which our correspondent alludes, an error has been made in compressing the original memoir. The passage should have stood,—“In 1826, Kossuth—having left the Gymnasium at eighteen (two years earlier)—proceeded to the university,” &c.

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